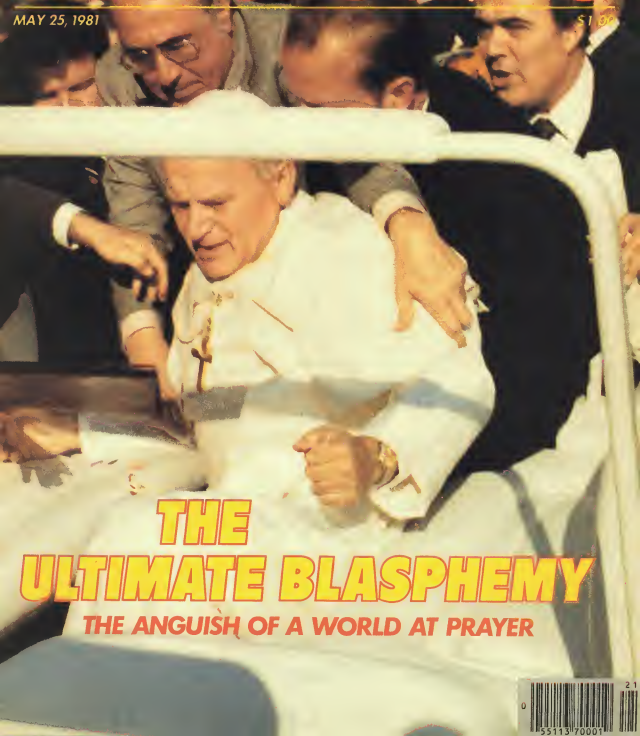


CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWS MAGAZINE

Maclean's

MAY 25, 1981

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THE ANGUISH OF A WORLD AT PRAYER



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A baronial feast

Brevé to Meislin's for the superb story *The Press Barons* (Conte, May 11) and Peter Newman's editorial (*The Bottom Line's* Fine, but a *Rhyme's* Much Better, May 11). Deserving of more analysis is one of the key self-delusions shared by the barons: "To survive, you must make a profit!" is the way Ken Thomson puts it. Left out entirely is the definition of how much profit: Seetham's profit seems to me reasonable, by media industry standards. Thomson uses the reasonable-sounding defence of survival to mask the unreasonable pursuit of maximum profit. It is not a personal greed, too, as your coverage points out. At some point, this tower of self-serving delusion must crumble. These are not entirely nice people.

—BARBARA SWICKER
Editor and publisher,
ContentSource,
Toronto

Your cover featuring the press barons is surely the finest I have seen on Maclean's. The photography is tasteful and effectively conveys the editorial purpose of your cover story. Congratulations to photographer Peter Bragg.

—STEVE FALCON
Manager,
The Image Bank of Canada,
Toronto



The Press Barons: competence or greed?

Kowalski continued

Your article on the Henry Kowalski case was excellent. I am a little disappointed, however, that little mention was made of the obstruction of attempts to provide Mr. Kowalski with proper medical care by the officials at Pentagonshere Hospital and the institutional status of the patient. I should let you know that I have put in a formal complaint to the Ontario College of Physicians and Surgeons against Pentagonshere chugging them with professional misconduct. I have also complained to the minister of health about this same matter.

—GILIAN ROSE,
M.D.
Toronto

Sharks among the herrings

I want to respond to the tendentious letter sent by Jack MacLellan to the Governor-General (Poison, May 11) concerning the Governor-General's Literary Awards. The purpose of removing the size of the presentation of the awards from Ottawa was not "to strip away the curtain of secrecy" around the proceedings. It was to get the ceremony out from the somewhat stuffy ambience of Government House into the various regions of this country so that people other than Ottawans could participate in the celebrations. This year the ceremony was held in Moncton, N.B., and although the ambience was not as festive as in Vancouver last year at least a lot of local people participated in the event. As a member of the sanction jury for the past three years and as chairman of the grand jury, I must take particular exception to Jack MacLellan's allegation that these juries are elitist. The Canada Council goes to a great deal of trouble to get regional and special representation for this panel; should she like to ask why poets and novelists should not judge their peers. As far as "among others, bookellers and publishers" for these juries, I'd as lief put sharks among the herrings. Let's by all means grow the company more publicly and put them. Let's also increase the prize money. But let us not pretend as award that has held up over the years a strong tradition and a considerable merit.

—PETER BUTTENHEIM,
Simon Fraser University,
Burnaby, B.C.

PASSAGES



REAGNING: Michael Reagan, 35, a vice-president of Dana Inc., a public profile firm which makes athletes and athletes congenial and as a senior vice-president with the

Southern Pacific Title Co. of Santa Ana, Calif., after using the name of his father, **Donald Reagan**, is bidding for military contracts. Although the White House said it is not having "any problems" with the way Michael is doing business, the president's eldest son said he will step down in light of his controversial references to his father's military policies in a business letter.

KILLER: Heide Karry, 61, co-owner of a West Germany's House state, in a valley of Bad Homburg through the bedroom window of his Frankfurt home. Police officials, who have no suspects, said Karry was shot in the

stomach with a small-calibre weapon and died in hospital.

QUEEN: A baby girl, eight pounds, one ounce, to Princess Anne and Capt. Mark Phillips. The Queen's first granddaughter, she becomes sixth in line to the throne, following her three-year-old brother, Peter Mark Andrew Phillips. Because his father has not taken a title, she is an commoner and will be addressed Miss Phillips.



DEED: Jamaican reggae singer **Bob Marley**, 36, of cancer of the brain at a Miami hospital. With his group, **The Wailers**, Marley popularized reggae music internationally, selling more than 40 million albums in his 17-year career. His dreadlocks and public marijuana smoking were widely publicized aspects of his involvement with the Rastafarian religious sect which reveres **Haile Selassie**, the late Ethiopian

emperor. Last month, Marley was awarded the Order of Merit by the Jamaican government and Prime Minister **Manmohan Singh** hailed him as a cultural ambassador.



DEED: Francis Hughes, 35, once Northern Ireland's most wanted IRA gunman, after a 10-day hunger strike for political status in Belfast's Maze Prison. He had been serving a life term for killing a British soldier and 40 additional years for other offences, including attempted murder and bombings.

APPROVED: **Taro Tojo**, 96, as president of Mitsubishi Motors Corp., Japan's fourth-largest car manufacturer, 15-per-cent owned by the Chrysler Corp. Tojo's father, Gen. **Hideto Tojo**, became Japan's wartime prime minister, following the 1941 attack on Pearl Harbor and was hanged in 1948 as a war criminal.

Cram a short glass with as much ice as it can hold. Pour a measure of Black Velvet over it (slowly does it). Pick up the glass and jiggle it in a clockwise direction. Complex? Maybe. But it's a natural.

The BV Au Naturel: How to improve the ice cube.

BLACK VELVET

Sex in sheep's clothing

Certainly *Madison* can never be accused of not putting its pictures where its prejudices are (*People*, April 27). To place a black-and-white picture of Princess Anne in maternity garb next to one in living color of American sexpot Brigitte Bako is about as obvious as any magazine can get. I daresay that your end-of-July issue will again feature photos of Lady Diana in a see-through skirt next to one of another American sex goddess in living color.

—R.K. GERDIN
Saskatoon, Sask.

It distasteful to see our national newsmagazine waste space on a poor picture and a sex scene so blurb of Princess Anne's "plugs." It really is not any of our business, nor is it newsworthy, whether she hates or loves motherhood and farming and looks "romantic and glorious" in her life.

—KIMBER
St. Catharines, Ont.

Coming to a head

If John Hadson of Labrador's really believes that baseball fans care who sports the televised game, he is living in a dream world (*Baseball on Top*, *People*, April 27). TV viewers select channels based on what program is on, not on the



Princess Anne and Suzanne Somers a juxtaposition in *People* cover

commercial between them. Over the past two seasons the Montreal Expos captured the hearts of Canada. The CBC was performing a service by programming a scheduled four days per week in front of the Expos. If Hadson wants people to see his commercials he had better schedule his televised games on *telex* nights in Montreal.

—SAR
Summerside, P.E.I.

From rags to rags

Your article (*From Oil Rags to Oil Shale Ricks*, *Times*, Canada, April 30) states that the world's first producing oil well was established in 1859 in Pennsylvania. The statement is incorrect on two counts, the Chinese operated producing wells before Christ and the first producing commercial oil well was drilled by James Miller Williams, a Canadian, in 1857 at Oil Springs, Ont.

—WILLIAM MILLER
Manager of the Petroleum Development
Petrolia, Ont.

Not the finest hour

In your article *There's Hourly Skill for You in Dependent Britain* (*Quintessence*, April 13) you really let the cat out of the bag. My family and I came to England in 1955 and are busy planning a happy return to Vancouver. To holiday in the U.K. in the present economic climate Canadiana must be prepared to pay five and three times as much for food not only

the vacation houses, but even the necessities. After recovering from the initial shock of paying so much for so little, one merely sits back and watches as the government toys with the Britons' earnings and is sure to see the working public grin and bare it down at the local pub. We have tried to adapt to this very different lifestyle, but I am afraid our skin is just not as tough as the Brits.

—T.R. PATTIN
Epsom, Kent, England

A diet of gospel

I find it hard to rationalize Jerry Falwell, who has declared war on American gays (*Unholy Crusade on a Sexual Pathology*, *Decision*, May 4). His ideology leads to persecution and witch-hunts in an era when violence is rampant in the U.S. Certainly he is entitled to his opinion, but when it gets to the point of interfering in the private lives of citizens then it is time to make this man eat his Bible.

—PAUL GILBERT
Toronto

Cinderella reborn

Your article *Up From The One Calf* (*Canada*, April 30) contained the wise and witty remark: "It could amount to automatization of the womb." If men can figure out a way to do it I am sure many will be excited by the idea. The *Awakenings* and *Tragedies* of this world don't seem to give a damn about women except as decoration at an occasional special event.

—FLORENCE VALLE
Toronto

A bird in the hand

What Senator Reed and the other members of the Senate subcommittee have done is placed exclusive blame for criminal behavior on the offender, or on his or her mother, while totally ignoring the social context (*Shattering That Sour Smell*, *Postman*, May 6). As stated by the senator himself, poverty contributes to crime. Unequal distribution of wealth, she would have us believe, is due to the inherent inequalities of the poor rather than a failure on the part of society to provide for all its members. Perhaps an attempt should be made to reduce poverty instead of dancing around the issue with fancy free-market footwork. I also have grave concerns about the senator's reprehensible treatment of women, as when she blames everything related to children. If this is all the subcommittee has come up with after three years I suggest we hold a referendum for its abolishment.

—E. BROWN
Ottawa

Letters are read and may be condensed. Writers should supply name and address and telephone number. Mail correspondence to Letters, The Editor, Maclean's magazine, 440 University Ave., Toronto, Ont., M5G 1A1.

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Not for better, but for worse

"We try now to do in the name of love what we once did out of necessity"

By Gale Garnett

Sometimes I find a suitcase too heavy to lift. Sometimes something is too high to reach. "Can't Lift It" and "Can't Reach It." The only two reasons I have ever thought of for getting married. Sometimes they are not sufficient. I am sure that there are those among you who have come up with better reasons. This does not change the fact that I have been working hard at a lot of folks' marriages, and that most of them seem a sad and awful mess—a never-ending series of ever-worsening compromises that do not make two people one. Rather they reduce each one to a half of a one who can barely remember what it was they were on their way to doing and desecrating when they were caught and cut down. Do you doubt me? Okay. Do your own something. How many truly happy marriages do you know of?

"But it used to work," you say. Of course it did. We used to be primarily an agrarian society. Three or four generations lived on and worked the same piece of land. Men and women were necessary to one another's daily survival, not as lovers, but as fellow workmen on small, collective farms. Gen erations now live apart from each other and, generally, each individual has his own work and personal career goal.

So, out of inherited social conditioning, a very real need for recognizable traditions and an equally real fear of dying alone (though there is ultimately no other way to die), we try now to do in the name of love what we once did out of necessity. Love simply does not operate that way. One loses in the attempt and, though a string of small moments may indeed lead one to loving someone for a long time, perhaps even forever, it cannot be declared or promised in advance. Most of the time we can barely tolerate who we are at a given moment. How then can we know who we will be one month, one year, six years hence? Of the many ways in which another person can change! Yet, with all these variables, these ways of change, we still permit, not only in promising "forever" love, but in becoming it: dog lovers, taking lovers, marriage license. Which one of these makes no sense? I realize that some people are afraid of being left desolate if a relationship should dissolve. Fine. If you want a house, negotiate for a house. Houses can be guaranteed. Love cannot. If you find house-negotiating with loved ones a bit odd, bloody, simply enjoy the present and attempt to provide for your own future. William S.

When you make of love a legal obligation instead of the weedless and magical mood blessing it is, it produces a grim and depressing result: people staying beside other people because they said they would. Surely it is better to be absolutely alone, reading a book, taking a trip or looking at a sunset than to have another living being close at hand because they signed a paper to that effect. Voluntary

affection expands the spirit. Obligatory companionship dwells it.

And why are people so afraid of the lovely, personal music inherent in being, at least periodically, alone? Are we such a awful that we cannot bear our own company? It is often the staff you find when you are alone that notices what you can offer another person. An absence of solo flights to report on later leads to the sentiments expressed in the Old Hindi song, "How can I miss you when you won't go away?"

Then there are the "Euphoric Rites of Preparation." That is a bit hard but it speaks of a delicious thing. It's about wanting to see someone, and then getting to see them. It's about writing and receiving letters. It's about surprises. About taking wonderful baths and dressing in new underwear and then meeting them. About gratification growing out of anticipation rather than convenience. And if you can choose possible magic over guaranteed company, it is the liveliest thing I know.

Children? Yes, children should be protected (though all the protection in the world will prove insufficient and parenting is the job that everyone gets wrong to one degree or another), be kept marriage licenses, but do have baby licenses guaranteeing sanctuary to small children until they no longer want it. And more than these licenses to groups of us (our three, four—with us, and two new people added to the group every four years until the child is 18. These new people can be chosen by either the adults or the child for as long a period as is comfortably workable for all concerned. Any or all of these people may or may not live with the child. It is, however, a requirement that every one of a child's guardians inhibit that child's primary dwelling. Fear or more people give a child a wider range of images and information—a greater group of responses for his love and hate, his rage, pain, questions and dreams. With a larger group it is also possible that people would use children not as ego extensions and proof of their own existence, but as a way of letting strangers one can assert on their way to becoming grown-ups.

Yes, divorce looks longer, but do stop licensing love. Love-licensing produces all these costly, messy divorces and state, long-suffering wars of attrition. Not to mention married men on my telephone. My telephone is indeed my problem, but unhappy, disquieting, better-slept, less whistling-listening, what-have-you marriages, miserably, is not. And should likely never be in the licensed way. Sure, I have seen exceptions. But when I look at marriages, mostly what I see is pain. And the thing about having pain is that it feels so good when you stop.

Gale Garnett is an author and writer currently living in New York and Toronto.



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Going down the long lonesome road

After slaving off bankruptcy for two years, Lee Iacocca predicts a profit for Chrysler in May

When Lee Iacocca took over the ailing Chrysler Corp. in late 1979 after being fired as president of Ford Motor Co., Wall Street analysts and assembly-line workers agreed that if anybody could save the company, it was the charismatic Iacocca. The Princeton engineering graduate had driven to the top in the successful automotive Mustang he developed for Ford. But his new job at Chrysler last 1980 was the greatest challenge of his career. In the first three months of 1981, Chrysler lost \$205 million, but exceeded its targets in sales and market share. Now, in the middle of the crucial second quarter, sales gains must be translated into profits. In his office in Highland Park, Mich., the 56-year-old chairman of Chrysler Corp. spoke to *Judy Gerstl*.

Q Iacocca's You've got the reputation of being euphoric in success and a whys-cracking terror when things go awry.

A Iacocca: Right now I'm euphoric.

Q Iacocca's Chrysler lost \$1 billion in the past 17 months and 220 million already in the first quarter of this year and you're euphoric?

A Iacocca: We said the first quarter would be awful. The combination of a cutback schedule in January and the rebate—that's money right off the top. We've gone through three two tough years and we know we'd lose money.

Q Iacocca's Did you lose \$25 million more than you planned during this last quarter. How can you keep losing money like that and stay so upbeat?

A Iacocca: If you look at the three months of the first quarter, each month was an improvement over the last. March and April were as close to break-even as we've been. And I fully expect to be making money this month.

Q Iacocca's You're going really, with cutbacks, volume up, our R&D taking off, quality better, customer satisfaction going up, that makes you euphoric.

A Iacocca's Your prices went up too this month. Can you keep your share of the market at the raised prices you need to make a profit?

A Iacocca's First of all, we showed in April that we could improve share and (market) penetration without rebates, without buying the sales. Now we're a

market where everybody else raised prices too, but we still have lower prices than GM or Ford. Obviously we wouldn't have proved this way if we didn't think we could continue the momentum.

Q Iacocca's How much will you be helped by the voluntary import restrictions imposed by the Japanese?

A Iacocca: Import restrictions affect a very small part of the problem. Much more important are a lower price rate and a better economy. But the restrictions have great importance symbolically. Because it shows that the Reagan administration has taken a stand, that Americans aren't going to be pushed around anymore. As for sales, well, we're 90 per cent of the market so we'll pick up about 20,000 units. That's not going to make us rich. We do that much before breakfast on Sunday.

Q Iacocca's Did you feel Japanese cars make a valuable contribution to the resurgence of Japanese superiority?

A Iacocca: Sure. It's happening already. They're trying to hype the market by saying, "Get your car, but perfect little Japanese car right now while you still can." But a hundred thousand, more or less, Japanese cars is not going to change the market. Nobody's going to buy a premium for a Toyota.

Q Iacocca's Don't you have a Japanese car presently deployed in one of your R&D cars as an example of what your customers should be striving for?

A Iacocca: We always have Mitsubishi over there because that's who we deal with. But let's put it this way. Our mechanics and our electricians are better than the Japanese today, period. For good, recall for recall. But you keep a Japanese car around to see what real luxury and fit and finish is. We more

than anybody—our mechanics or our subassembly says, "We've got a Mitsubishi. Get next to the Chrysler (Daimler and the Daimler) looks better." Well, the test is there every day. We still have a ways to go, but we're improving, and once we have that we've got 'em. We don't have them in cost but we get back

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"We've never been able to convince the public that we never got a dime out of them."

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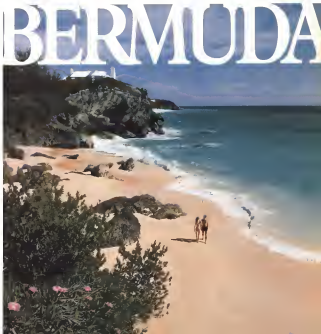
to bring Americans and Canadians to believe that North Americans are not stupid.

Q Iacocca's You've just taken the first step toward merger with Mitsubishi, but you've also talked to Peugeot and Volkswagen. Are you still looking for merger with one or both of these companies?

A Iacocca: What we've negotiated with Mitsubishi is more of a partnership than a classic merger. We'll have different managements and you won't see a sign that says Chrysler-Mitsubishi World Headquarters. But it's definitely a significant and substantial relationship.

Q Iacocca's Are you looking for other "significant and substantial relationships like that one?"

A Iacocca: What we're looking for now



are joint ventures. And everybody's looking for those—oil and Ford, too—to build a giant car company. Let's build a plant together to cut the cost of an expensive part."

Maclean's Where do you see Canada fitting into this international scheme?

Inco's I think that someday Canada will be the U.S. and Mexico will attempt more of a common market. Like the European Common Market. We're part-way there with auto-pact. We both complain about it, but the alternative would be an inefficient long time. I was in charge of Canada's day after part started in the Chevrolet plant in the U.S. next. They built luxury cars and too many of them. So they sacked the Canadian customer. The politicians can agree about auto pact but the Canadian customer benefits by getting closer to a fair break on export cost and price. Really, the single biggest complaint of the whole auto pact is that suppliers don't want to build those pieces up there. Well, we can't go to them and say, "Look, it's Canada, or else." They say they're going to build where it's most economic for them to survive and it isn't Canada at the moment.

Maclean's When you are negotiating the loan guarantee with the Canadian government, you don't guarantee jobs to anyone. But isn't that all you have to offer in return for the loan guarantee?

Inco's I really think we gave Canada a helluva good deal. I understand the Canadian attitude, by the way. They say: "You know, we're not the best money lender but that's after you're done wearing a suit you hand it down to us. We want a front-wheel-drive car too." So we gave them that. But we've also got this unique vehicle that's part car, part truck. It's the kind of car the future will be. It's going to get a 300 per cent. So I don't think we're giving Canada luxury technology.

Maclean's You've said that publicity about the government loan guarantees contributed to uncertainty about Chrysler's future and that you'd sell your children's future away for the same. How bad was that experience?

Inco's Bad for business. For every \$2 we borrow we lose \$2 on sales declines and monthlies and lawyers fees. It's self-defeating. I proved to myself and the businessmen that that isn't a way to do business. There are a million ways to take care of ailing business, but a recovery short of a world war. I would never go back to government. The sales

dropped while we're on the front page, the misunderstanding, the letters saying why are you taking our money. We've never been able to convince the public that we never got a dime out of their pockets. We went and borrowed from widows and orphans, but they had the guarantee of the government or we wouldn't have borrowed it. They guarantee it and we pay it back. At prime interest plus. All that gets lost in the wash.

Maclean's People said you were the only man who could save Chrysler. Did you believe that?

Inco's I just happened to be "the" man. I wish destiny hadn't cast me in

suave. All our guys play well under fire. We never blink. We're getting that called. We have gone through meeting payoffs sometimes in issues in advance, but you never blink. Every 30 days you're paying out a billion dollars in cheques and taking in \$610 million in revenue. You were a little short. So you say, "Don't pay that bill this afternoon, pay it in the morning."

Maclean's What has all this meant to you personally?

Inco's We didn't go in trying to become martyrs, but now that we're in this deep that's a helluva lesson to be learned. I think of the guys who are in the view of life. I'd just passed to be part of that. I really think there's substance there. A lot of people made mistakes, much beyond me. Just go talk to poor Union Automobile Workers local in Windsor about pensions. But it was survival time. So little by little, everybody's saying, well, I guess we better band together and co-operate and not a little more like Japan if you will, and that's what it's been about. You see, we really believe that we were the leading edge of everything worst in the United States. And if they could correct some of the things impacting Chrysler and learn from it, then it was one hell of an investment.

Maclean's You're trying to prove not only that Chrysler can sell cars, but that America can't?

Inco's I want to prove that in the end pragmatism wins. We're doing something that's good enough to have the ideologues go back and say "My God, we said he was violating from integrity. He was promoting it."

Maclean's Has it all been worth it for the men who put the Mustang on the roof?

Inco's The Mustang was a surprise too. But it was a different world then. This is a tougher one, but maybe just as satisfying as that last success. They were paying you a million bucks a year then, but they were paying you during this brutal dollar a year, so it can't be money, can it? It's gotta be something more than that. To take a company which has a proud heritage—Walter P. Chrysler was one of the great ones—and which, for whatever the reasons and there are many of them, it was just beginning to disintegrate. And before it collapsed, a bunch of people, not even in and said let's see if we can keep it together. Now, no matter what the details are, that's satisfaction in my book.



"If the next two years were going to be like the past two, I'd pack my bags and leave."

that but. I was Johnny-on-the-spot. I was asked when I first came here and things went to hell. I'd had no idea how bad it was, would you have been here yet? And I said, "Are you out of your goddamn head? Nobody would do this."

Maclean's What's the challenge part of what kept you going?

Inco's Well, I like challenges, but this was a superhuman challenge. I probably wasn't going to keep doing this. If the next two years were going to be like the past two,

I'd pack my bags and leave. Now.

Maclean's How did you cope with that level of stress?

Inco's I'm a little bit of a fatalist, that's what it is to be. You do your best. I know the business. I felt if I could get some good people and buy some time, we'd make it. I never had sleepless nights or wringing of hands or cold

DATeline: ISRAEL

A land of milk, honey and credit

Pre-election handouts' are a boon to Israelis trying to cope with 132-per-cent inflation

By Eric Silver

On an every 30 Israeli cheques business. It is a world record of which no one here is proud. A few months ago, the Knesset, Israel's parliament, passed a law that would cut citizens from drawing cheques for 12 months if 30 or more were not covered in any three-month span. Gas stations carry no cheques accepted upon, but most shops and restaurants will take them. Rubber cheques are recognized as a fact of economic life, a means by which Israelis keep their heads above water rather than dodge their debts, a survival mechanism in a country where 132-per-cent inflation claimed another record last year, and the pre-election boom leading up to the June 30 polls will likely top that record in 1981.

Modern Israel is a land of milk, honey and revolving credit. Without patience the system would collapse. Even with it, Israelis would hardly get by if not for massive inflation figures were a true measure of their problems. But compensation are built into the system. During the past few months, Finance Minister Yoram Aridor has embarked on a preventive strategy designed to put more disposable income into the hands of voters. He has reduced taxes on imported goods such as TV sets and furniture, while agreeing to a wage cost-of-living increase for workers last month.

As a rule, such measures are immediately followed by price hikes on all government-controlled services. But not during election year. Income tax levels are being adjusted to favor the taxpayer. Naturally, the Labor competition charges that Aridor's policies are nothing but a cynical attempt designed to buy votes while leading the country to financial ruin. However, as Harry Sagar, a Tel Aviv bank manager, explains, "After all, the cost of living is bad for the government, but it's not all that bad for the individual. The whole economy is linked to the cost of living." Indeed, salaries are automatically linked to the cost-of-living index and workers' pay is adjusted every three months. The linkages exist in the rest of the rest of the world. But what Israelis are living with is bad enough all the same. Sagar might perhaps to have said

"some individuals." Real income fell last year by nine per cent, unemployment grew by 67 per cent (though the jobless still represent only 4.7 per cent of the work force). The Israeli shekel depreciated 103.6 per cent against the U.S. dollar this past year, so prices, in local currency, of all imported goods increased on prices now fixed at 90 per cent.

How, then, do Israelis manage? Harold Nivon, a 27-year-old lawyer, moved to Jerusalem from Vancouver 2½ years ago. He recently completed a trial and has planned his Israeli life. First where he carries the equivalent of \$1,000 a month. His wife, Blaise, who just attempted to work after maternity leave, brings in about \$300 a month as a nurse. Their two-bedroom flat cost \$40,000—a



Aridor (top left), bank manager Sagar (bottom left), the Maenon (right) and supermarket manager Jack Brinker (below)—rubber cheques a fact of economic life

mortgage from the immigrant absorption ministry. Overall, about half and they are paying it back at 15-per-cent interest. The Nivons eat much less often in restaurants than they did in Canada, perhaps once every two months. "We visit friends for the evening, or they come to us," says Nivon. "We don't give dinner parties, just coffee and cake, carrots, dips and nuts. We eat less meat in Israel, but more fruit, vegetables and poultry." Nivon has no doubt they will keep their heads above water, though. "You tend to run a bit of an overdrive around the end of the month, even at the worst of times," he admits. "I've no idea what the interest is, but that doesn't deter you—at first we tried to pay cash for everything, but now we've

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started to pay in instalments."

The Mosens, who have one child, are still newsmen; they have some savings from their Vancouver days. Malin Cohen, the wife of a university teacher who has been here 38 years, has settled into a more careful regime. They are bringing up three children on a net income of about \$800 a month. "By the middle of the month we're running so overbudget and paying our bills with panicked squeals," she says.

Lake overtone, moonlighting has become a necessity for many Israelis who take second jobs or do spare-time work to make ends meet. The tax man sees little, if any, of the extra income. Plumbers and electricians ask to be paid in cash. Craftsmen working for maintenance companies offer to come back and do repair jobs cheaper in their own time.

Until Aridor launched what Uri Ben-Zion (of the daily paper Ha'aretz) called "government as supermarket," people were making their consumer dollars last longer. In 1980 the sale of TV sets and cars fell by about 45 per cent. And Israelis think twice before using their cars—high-octane gas retails at 6½ shekels (68 cents) per litre. Car maintenance is prohibitive—almost all spare parts are imported. Customs duty and purchase tax add 450 per cent to the wholesale price of the country of origin. Avraham Shafir, a Jerusalem garage owner, complains that his customers have cut the amount of maintenance work by 40 per cent. "Until they got stuck," he says, "they don't tell us." It's not only the parts. Labor has become expensive too at 130 shekels (about \$14) an hour.

Things may be tough, but the "Aridor sales" are drawing consumers. Official figures published at the end of April showed that in March alone, 55,000 TV sets were sold, nearly five times as many as in March, 1980, and up 50 per cent on February this year.

The Labor opposition is worried that the Aridor policy will cost their party votes, even though other prices are still going up. The cost-of-living index rose by 15.5 per cent in the first three months of this year. Retail food prices have doubled and, in some cases, almost tripled in the 12 months from March, 1980, to March, 1981.

And there is an undercurrent of skepticism, a survey published last month in the Labor daily paper, *Davar*, found that 55.1 per cent of Israelis view the Aridor policy as "harmful election recession," compared with 37.8 per cent who thought it was beneficial. As one Jerusalem window-shopper commented as she walked the aisles for TV sets: "Of course they're buying. There might not be another chance until the next election." ♦



Rack of Lamb's:
Every year a great year.

On top of the volcano

A year after it blew its top, Mount St. Helens is turning out to be something of a paper volcano. Despite some subsequent minor eruptions, predictions of long-term hazards to the environment are not pointing out. The impact on the global weather system proved minimal, and local fires and forests are recovering.

An army of government and university scientists has been studying the volcano, which has led to more accurate predictions of eruptions which minimize the danger of working on the mountain. In contrast to last year's eruption, the U.S. Geological Survey was able to predict the latest eruption on April 18. Inside the two-kilometre-wide and 600-metre-deep crater, a 114-metre-high lava dome is expected to alternate between growing quietly and occasionally exploding. Says volcanologist Susan Swett-Balchman: "We have to plan for another 30 years of activity."

No one expects future eruptions to be as devastating as the first. The U.S. Forest Service, which manages most of the desolated land, is already planning



Mount St. Helens, 30 years of activity

to replant trees. Salmon and steelhead have been seen in the Toutle River below the mountain which was little more than a mud flow after the May 18, 1980, eruption. Although the long-term effects of the ash on tree leaves and needles is not known, it has added nutrients and improved water retention in the soil in a 400-km area around the volcano. Farmers have noted improved apple and wheat crops. Workers on the mountain are being monitored because of fears of eventual serious lung damage from breathing in the ash over long periods. Says Dr. Peter Hauer of the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta: "We've visited incidences of bronchitis and asthma two to three times above the usual from our surveillance of hospitals in areas where there have been ash falls following eruptions. People working in the ash around the mountain, particularly loggers, have to wear masks to prevent it from."

In the wake of Mount St. Helens, monitoring all along the Pacific "Ring of Fire" has been stepped up. The Geological Survey of Canada (GSC) is now establishing a permanent seismic monitoring station at Mount Meager, 90 km north of Vancouver, which last erupted 2,400 years ago. "There's no hard evidence," says GSC's Jack Scother, "that any of these volcanoes is extinct."

—MAUR BUDGEN



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COVER

THE ULTIMATE BLASPHEMY



By Peter Lewis

He was an intense, youngish man with his left hand tucked into the pocket of his beige jacket, and when he presented his ticket to the forward section of a small St. Peter's Square to attend Pope John Paul II's weekly audience from stage up the guard didn't even look twice. He soon wished that he had. In a blurring moment of frenzy, Mehmet Ali Agca, a Turkish terrorist whose road to Rome began 18 months ago when he made up his mind to slay the pontiff, abruptly struck at the sight of his obsession last Wednesday with a burst of fire from a razor-sharp throwing pistol. The shot, resembling granite's bullet failed to kill the most popular Pope in modern times. But he may well have torn the heart out of John Paul's remarkable papacy by permanently disabling his right arm.

In the first days following the stunning attack, doctors attending the Pope in Rome's Gemelli hospital after a 51-



Being rushed away after being shot, and with a child moments before shooting

hour operation to repair the havoc done to his abdomen by a slug, refused to content themselves as the pontiff's chances of survival, let alone to say whether he would recover the strength to pursue his vigorous stewardship of the Catholic Church. By Sunday, however, it seemed that in terms of pure survival the Pope—whose 64th birthday fell on Monday—was at least out of im-

mediate danger. A hospital bulletin said that "the postoperative process is evolving favorably" and there was even talk of a bedside broadcast by the pontiff.

The continuing risk to John Paul's life lay in the danger of infection after surgery to remove a length of damaged intestine and to create a temporary bypass—known in medical terms as a colostomy—to permit his bowel to heal without the strain of carrying body waste. The fear that John Paul might never fully recover from his devastating wound was voiced Friday by a member of the three-man team that started operating on the Polish-born pontiff moments after he was rushed, short pre-conscious, into a hospital emergency ward. "He will need an iron constitution if he is not to be diminished in some degree," said one surgeon.

The attack on the Pope's life, coming just six weeks after the shooting of President Ronald Reagan and less than six months after John Lennon's murder, felt like a summer blow. This time it was the unthinkable that had happened, the ultimate desecration, an

Maclean's
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John Paul II shot (left), and collapses bleeding into his knees (center). Arms may have torn the heart out of the pope's chest.

An Italian secretary (center) holds up the wounded pontiff, security men rush forward as men contribute.

ment that brought the Christian world to its knees in prayer for the Pope's survival. It was also a measure of the man, the "Pope from far away" as he styled himself on stepping into the shoes of St. Peter 31 months ago (see page 10), who had traveled the world to steel men's hearts with his descriptively simple charm and evident concern for the agony of the human condition, while making these words to accept the church's traditional teachings.

It was after a gaze at St. Peter's Basilica when John Paul, in one of his usual public audiences, completed a circuit of the smiling crowd of 18,000, waved a greeting to a bystander and embraced a little girl with all the familiar affection and gentleness before proceeding on his way. Moments later, the 60-year-old pontiff with the shyness of an athlete had crumpled backward in his "Piovene" (the open top in which he makes so many of his public appearances, his immaculate white robes already marked with blood. The burst of shots, from a little more than eight meters away, was so fast that people standing near the killer, like Catherine Damiata, heard only two of the three shots. "The Pope flinched only slightly, then fell," she said. His in the chest, right arm and left hand. John Paul sagged sideways, his legs pinned in a grunze. As his private secretary struggled to support him and plainclothes police cleared a path out of the square, the crowd set up a terrible wail.

What happened next sparked a hot controversy in medical circles. As the Pope was carried to an ambulance parked by the Vatican's Arc de la Belle, papal aides nervously ruled it rather than sending him to Santa Spirito hospital, a recent gripper but confident state establishment only a kilometer away, the pontiff would be directed to the modern Gemelli Catholic University Hospital three kilometers from St.

Peter's. It was a winding 10-minute drive—during which the Pope prayed faintly in Polish—and many doctors say the damage could have cost John Paul his life had he been hemorrhaging heavily. They maintain that, at any rate, the landing of the ambulance may well have aggravated his wounds.

By Sunday, however—with the Pope receiving selected visitors in his isolated intensive-care unit and doctors reporting the first signs of spontaneous movement of his damaged intestines—such doctors normal audiences and the quarantine, which spared the Pope's first journalists. "How could they do this?" had in any case swirled to the "why" and the "who" behind the mysterious assassination attempt. Most

Ali Agca, the would-be killer, did nothing to provide the answers. That he was a fanatic killed in the business of murder was evident from what he said. His post and the way he handled his weapons in St. Peter's Square before being wrestled to the ground—the bullets he got off struck the Pope, a moving target two slugs going on to wound two American women in the throng. But what was less clear was his exact reason for wanting to kill John Paul and whether he acted alone.

Investigators at the Quirinale, Rome's police headquarters, quickly satisfied themselves that Agca had no accomplices in the actual shooting. But they pinned the connection as they pieced together his strange background

and movements that he had been actively aided as his grim journey to the square. "We think it can be documented that others are involved in this," said Deputy State Prosecutor Luciano Infante, a specialist in terrorism. "My bet is that he was acting in the pay of an international adventure group." However, the 30-year-old Agca himself claimed the attack was his own doing. A rough draft of a leaflet found in his pocket as he was bandaged into the Quirinale declared, "I, Agca, have killed the Pope so that the world may know of the thousands of victims of imper-

alism." But as his interrogation stretched into hours, then days, he seemed to delight in confusing his interrogators, saying first that he was a leftist supporter of George Hishak's extremist Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine and then switching the story to admit his connections with Turkey's right-wing terrorist factions. His responses drove one frustrated detective to call him "a lying ox." Another Quirinale official, Simone Nicolai, described Agca as "extremely closed and tough—outside the norm." The would-be killer was decidedly

quiet. A convicted murderer in his native country—in February 1978 he shot to death Aldo Ippoliti, editor of the liberal daily *Mattino*—Agca succeeded in escaping from the maximum-security Kartal prison in Istanbul that November with the complicity of right-wing guards. A few days later, as John Paul prepared to visit Turkey, Agca declared that he intended to shoot the pontiff, whom he described, in a diatribe against Western imperialism, as "Commander of the Masked Crusaders."

Instead of carrying out his threat, however, he dropped from sight. In the next 18 months, say police, he made something of a passport's grand tour of Europe, visiting Germany, Switzerland, Italy, West Germany, Yugoslavia, Bel-

Concealed in the grove of academe

While Turkish leaders and Italian police were talking up the international terrorism angle last week, on the weeks of the shooting of the Pope, there was little word to go so far to explain why Mehmet Ali Agca had successfully eluded capture in the 18 months after he escaped from jail in Turkey. As with the Watchmen in the United States, there were a hundred places—from the drug sub-world of West Berlin to migrant circles in a dense European crowd, not to mention the beaches of Spain—where shelter might exist for someone who had got on the wrong side of the law. And now here would Agca have found a better background into which to melt than in the university at Perugia, the medieval capital of Umbria in central Italy, where police say he was registered as a student.

Since 1981, Perugia has admitted more than 140,000 foreigners at its Co-

llege di Cultura per Stranieri (Foreign Students' Control), says Carlo Vanni, administrative director. In the early days most were northern Europeans "of good families" seeking the beautiful language, art and flair for which Italy is renowned. They blended into the free-wheeling clusters, not only of Peruvians but of Bologna and Florence, and other cities of Italy with large foreign student populations.

Since the onset of 1978, however, more and more Italy has admitted many were students from such Mediterranean and African countries as Libya, Algeria, Greece and Nigeria and also from Iran. These are 84 Turks among this year's foreign intake of 11,000 at Perugia Vanni, who recalls that Agca attended a single language class on April 10, says these foreign students are "very useful. You might call it the politics of petroleum, but we must increase commercial and cultural links with the developing countries." Adds Professor Giorgio Gervino, who teaches Italian: "Certainly there are a few foreign students here to play revolution-



Agca under arrest in Turkey before escape, captured in Rome last week; (below) foreign students at Florence university, highly politicized hotbed of revolution



what an opportunity they can't get at home."

Others at Perugia and neighboring Florence, where the flourishing overseas complement includes 3,000 students, are less tolerant. The students are highly politicized, they say, the center hub of revolutionary activity. One professor, who asked not to be named, said, "In the name of liberty, Italy is a sewer which attracts all the corruption of the world." Venezuelan Maria Rita Albert says, "They come and spread our universities. They don't study. I know of one Iranian who slept for three years." The university's rector, Franco Scarsella, says the country can no longer afford its tradition of academic freedom. The government, in fact, wanting to restore the foreign intake, imposing strict entrance requirements by the end of the year. Adds Scarsella: "Quite apart from any possible terrorist threat we simply must continue to accept foreign students indiscriminately. Many of them were stupid enough to enter their own universities. Why should they profit from our degree?"

—SILVIA LUNDGREN

gates, Spain and Italy on fake passports. He also made a side trip to Tunis. His first visit to Rome appears to have come last December, when he checked in at a modest pension, the Inn, near the Piazza Cavour. In early April, Agca turned up in Prague (see page 28), before heading off again for unknown parts in Italy and then to Spain's Balearic Islands. On his return to Rome last Monday, he booked in at his old pension, whose owner later stated that he received no visits but made a number of telephone calls. When Agca left his shabby room on his mission to St. Peter's only two days after booking in, he left behind a briefcase containing a cartridge clip for his weapon and a letter in Turkish, denouncing both "Italian and American imperialism".

The same day followed stayed the world—Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau declared the barbarity of a society "in capable of respecting the lives of God's own messengers"—but it came close to breaking the hearts of Italians, whose even the worst enemies of the Red Brigade had failed to handle against such an act. "What have things come to if even the safety of the Pope is not guaranteed?" asked an anguished anti-fascist



Annie Gilm, a victim of the attack (left), and a woman comforted in St. Peter's Square

in *il Messaggero*, the Rome daily. His countrymen drew some comfort from the fact the assailant was a foreigner. It had flashed upon every mind in the immediate aftermath of the shooting that the postiff's assassin might in fact have been a Red Brigade hit man. "I think I speak for all Italians when I say

I'm glad it wasn't one of us," said television consultant Mario Baccari.

But such relief was tempered by the knowledge that little but the immense awe of his person and office protects the Pope. In fact, with only 80 Italian politicians and the Swiss guards of the Vatican to guard him, he is grossly less



John Paul in Poland: no touch his powdery dry white hair

the traditional postiff's shoulder chair; he chose instead to walk slowly down the aisle of the Sala delle Benedizioni stopping to chat, exchange an anecdote, patting out words in one of the many languages he speaks, connecting with his blue eyes.

It was hardly surprising that in re-tune journalists dubbed him "Papa Superman." Stories circulated about his tanna games behind the Vatican walls. The big question was whether the Pope should be allowed to continue alone. (He did not.) He happily dropped the papal "we" and testified the Pope-like—the wide-open joy in which he was shot—so that people could get a better view of him. His Wednesday public audience often turned into his personal conversations with his admirers and he seemed never to lose an opportunity to pat a child, lift a lady into the air before kissing it on the forehead.

From the very beginning, with his church in confusion around him, he set himself up as a target—a target against which there might be a spiritual consolation. With an apparent vulnerability for contact, he set himself a traveling schedule worthy of a "viable Pope," setting off in his crucifix-embroidered Altavilla jumbo jet. First Pope to visit Mexico, where his yellow and white colors were his robes. First Pope in Ireland, where two million greeted his arrival. First to visit a Communist country—Poland—where the northern diocese declared: First to visit communist camps, first to Japan's atom-bomb sites. In the US he made 30 speeches in six cities and pushed Yankee Stadium with 80,000 people.

He wanted to glorify the world and bed it. In East, west women and two children were crushed to death in the stampede to see him. In Brazil, three

women died in the crowd and the postiff had to take refuge in a bus. And of course there were the death threats on Ireland, Turkey, Philadelphia, the genocide in Karachi. Of his personal safety, he said only: "I am travelling in the hand of God".

What was perhaps lost initially in the papal rubble-dome, but is more than clear now as the church is forced to take stock, is that this is also a very complex Pope, not easily approached. Behind the personal touch is an iron fist of doctrinal purity. He speaks bravely and bravely of the past in Turkey, a place outside Martin, but at the same time, while publicly remembering his own youthful language, he forbids abortion and artificial birth control methods. He speaks bravely for the freedom of the church in Communist countries, but admonished the "red priests" of Latin America to forgo political involvement for spiritual development of the masses. His appeal for his last trip to a very individualistic line, halfway between tradition and conservatism.

Whatever doubt Roman Catholics as both the traditional and progressive wings have held about this strict Maron with the rock star appeal, there is no doubt that he has managed to feed some of the media that was threatening the church when he stepped into the shoes of the Holyman. Perhaps it took nearly losing him to drive home the fact that this Pope has already vastly changed what is expected of the papacy.

—ANZELA FORNATE

WORLD



Mitterrand as he holds his victory talk of surprise buds on the maples

Now the trouble begins in earnest

Mitterrand faces difficult battles ahead

By Marc McDaniels

The ancient three-stories townhouse on the obscure Left Bank street which resembles from Rabelais Saint-Germain to the Seine was once a refuge for poets, a way station for 17th-century travellers. Inside the courtyard at 22 Rue de Bièvre, leaves fan out on a magnolia tree which his owner swears has never bloomed. This week there is talk of buds on the maples—a miracle that rates as major omen to the one that burnt into full flower May 16, when France chose the least day of June of Axa to overturn 53 years of center-right rule and elect the man of the house, François Mitterrand, as its first Socialist president in nearly 50 years.

In the wake of the all-night street dancing that broke out at the Bastille and throughout France in testimony to just how deeply that change had been

craved by so many who had felt themselves disenfranchised for so long, Mitterrand's deeds has now become another kind of war states a shrilly beating waiting room for the Elysée Palace which Mitterrand is to take possession of this week. In the days since his stunning upset at departing President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, by

nearly four per cent of the vote, such an unassuming parade of well-wishers, political collaborators and obedient hangers have jammed the street that Mitterrand last week felt obliged to make a quick exit to call on his neighbors, exhorting the bold and promising that it wouldn't mean war.

But the turmoil into which his election has thrown France promises to outlast even the chaos on the Rue de Bièvre, as the country now faces yet another month of high-voltage electioneering for the legislative elections he will call for the last two weeks of June. From the president-elect himself has no ill-effects about the smoothness of his victory road. Renewing the news of his win in the grassroots houses of the Hotel Vieux Marvaux, the hostelry from which he has presided as mayor of the harbor of Châteauneuf for 23 years, he commented, "Now the trouble begins".

The elections are a gamble which Mitterrand may find impossible to win. If voters return another Centre-Right majority to the National Assembly, he will be the first president to conduct a hostile parliament since the Olympian figure of Charles de Gaulle tolerated the Fifth Republic's constitution to his own measure in 1958. That could provide a

paralyzing institutional inertia and even the need for a new constitution—as well as a new 8th Republic.

If the left surges to a tight win on his agenda, his hold on parliament is no more assured. With the Socialists now claiming an estimated quarter of the national vote, he must still depend on the unruly and normally unpredictable Communist Party, which has made itself his uneasy lodestar for the moment, but not without a price to be paid.

So unconstrained has France become to the alternation of power that some pundits have predicted that the only thing Giroud will leave behind as the Elysée man back for his successor is the secret code to activate the country's nuclear *force de frappe*. But Mitterrand will also find himself heir to the very war for which he taxed Giroud—a 10-per-cent inflation rate and 17 million unemployed. If the country's two main unions last week agreed to give him a honeymoon, they also insisted that some of his election promises be kept, a hike in the minimum wage of an initial



Place de la Bastille festivity: testimony to how deeply change was craved



Gloomy Giroud (left), foreign minister Jean François Poncelet, L'environnement minister Michel d'Ornano, crossed fingers

30 per cent by the end of June and the start of negotiations toward a 10-hour week. With the Bank of France reportedly forced to intervene last week to keep the falling franc within the European monetary system's safety net, and the Paris stock exchange spiraling into a sell panic as shares of these banks and 11 industrial heavyweights (that the Socialists have promised to nationalize, the economy will be Mitterrand's first major test.

Whether Mitterrand will be able to restore confidence in the business community will partly depend on his cabinet choices—a secret test he has carried in a quiet pocket ever since the first round of voting. He promises to boost

some of the country's best-expected luminaries. Under the probable prime ministership of Pierre Mauroy, the barely soft-spoken mayor of Lille who is the perfect longtime political animal needed to lead the Socialists' election campaign and keep a cool on relations with the Communists, his ministerial roster is also expected to include Claude Cheysson, a 40-year-old former ambassador who now directs the European Community's aid and development program with such flair that he has won the admiration of the Third World, and Jacques Delors, 55, a seasoned technocrat with social democratic leanings who has served not only the Bank of France but former Gaullist Prime Minister Jacques Chaban-Delmas.

While Washington still regards the victory warmly, above all because the U.S. embassy in Paris completely avoided the election results, he may surprise. While those skeptics by leaning to a harder policy line against the Soviets and on behalf of Israel, despite the fact that he once literally does not speak three languages as Ronald Reagan. Mitterrand is one of the few world leaders who in fact has never managed to master English.

What his election means for Franco-German relations is less clear. This is one reason why Ambassador Gérard Pelletier has been asked to prolong his departure from Paris. Federal diplomats optimistically suggest that Mitterrand will be less likely to play the Quebec "special relationship" card than was his predecessor, but in fact one wing of the Socialist Party has maintained just as close and supportive relations with the Liberal government as have the Gaullists.

In the task of pulling together a cabinet for the country, however, compromise will be the name of the end presi-



Mitterrand leading his dominion

dential stage. Mitterrand is a talent that Mitterrand has displayed with such re-echoing success that his enemies have suggested that he is an uncontested opportunity. Born into a quiet conservative family 64 years ago in France's southwest, Cognac district, François Maurice Adrien Marie Mitterrand came late in life to official socialism—in late in fact that when he took over the party leadership is a surprise draft 10 years ago he was not even a member.

In the interval, Mitterrand has managed to shepherd the Socialists from a ragtag band which commanded barely five per cent of the vote in 1963 to what is undeniably the country's largest single party—a victory that is now all the more complete in that it has been accomplished without the Communists whom he has fought most of his life.

Abandoned by even just before the disastrous 1958 legislative elections, then apparently dropped by much of his own party in late '60s, Mitterrand's ultimate dramatic success is proverbially deemed that he was moved to remark, "I would see that history doesn't lie me." In fact, as the new president's friends like to point out, through all his reverses—including years of scornful neglect he was later definitely cleared—he has held on to a belief in his personal destiny.

It was a north sense he could already claim 43 years ago as a young lawyer on the run from the Gestapo. Having got in a Paris apartment, he spotted a photo on the piano, gazed into a pair of burning brown eyes and exclaimed, "The going to marry her." Within the year, he had made good the promise, wedding Danielle Grouin, a schoolteacher's daughter who had become volunteer nurse to the Nazis. Now the mother of their two grown sons, one a journalist, the other a lawyer, as well as a granddaughter, France's new first lady is a discreetly effervescent 36-year-old brunette, so unimpressed an idealist to her mate. Already a Socialist when he met her, Danielle Mitterrand announced last week that, while carrying out all his presidential duties, she would not give up her work for artists' causes, including no doubt St. Sulpice's tragic insurrections.

Mitterrand's own profile is not nearly as clearly cut as his wife's. Despite 30 years in the political front lines, he remains to this day who one newspaperly called "the sphinx of French public life." He is never without a book in one bagging race pocket and has penchant for showing up late in legendary. Already somewhat behind schedule for his rendezvous with history, some observers are beginning to wonder how he will emerge, himself now that he has arrived. But if Mitterrand's reign—the touch of France's future—remains

swayed in uncertainty one thing is certain: the style that he will set. Having already sparked a new electioneering Citroën (insurance for a discreet black Renault), he has made good his determination to strip away Giroud's aristocratic class. The house on the Rue de Belfort, like his apartment in the Louvre, makes clear that this time around—a new cabinet put in—the French president is back in the "hands of the bourgeoisie." □

Middle East Posturing to the brink of war

A U.S. envoy Philip Habib shared Tel Aviv last week, before venturing to Prime Minister Menachem Begin, were matched by an outright refusal by Syria's President Hafez Assad to budge on the issue between them: the stationing of Syrian SAM-6 missiles in Lebanon's Bekaa Valley. But at week's end there were signs that Begin, under pressure from opposition leader Shimon Peres and senior de-

fense officials, was inferring something a stance that, to some, had already smacked as much of a salute to the June 30 election campaign as stemming from a genuine conviction that Israel's interests were at stake.

The crisis had been precipitated by the shooting down by the Israeli on April 28 of two Syrian helicopter gunships operating against Tel Aviv's Lebanese Christian allies in the town of Tybels. At the end of Beirut (Israel's, May 14). In response, the Syrians moved in the missiles. The plan that Habib was ferrying around last week consisted of variations on a theme involving Syrian withdrawal of these missiles from the Bekaa Valley and its troops from the hills overlooking Tybels. In return, Israel was to scale down military flights over Lebanon and Christian influence in Tybels would be replaced by the Lebanese army. But the terms, worked out in consultation with Israeli defense and foreign ministry officials, were dismissed as "Israeli-American blackmail" by Damascus media.

Begin, too, wobbled by an increasingly anxious electorate, publicly bristled. But the missiles were not the only issue on which he had recently played the hard man role. In the brief two weeks before the pres-



Syrian SAM-6 missiles and rider in the Bekaa Valley (above), Israel's Rightist political barometer (below) of world class



eral election, the 68-year-old champion of the Zionist right had managed to flay all his old and new enemies—the Israeli Labor movement, which treated him with contempt through 20 years of opposition, Chaim Weizmann's widow, when he quietly assumed a part in participating in the massacre of Jews in the Second World War, the Communists, who stuck him in a Soviet labor camp in Poland, and the British, who kunged his underground fighters in the last year of the Palestine mandate.

A matter of months ago, Begin had seemed a spent force, paleo goss the Labor opposition's a 34-1 edge. But goss elements were premature in whispering that only the missiles of modern pharmacology were keeping him upright. They underestimated the most potent drug of all: the prospect of a strap—in this case for power. For all



Abdul Haq and Khaled bin Attallah: "Everyone knows how to start a riot"

In cravings for respectability, Begin remains a political lionheart of world class and last week that talent had landed him back in the lead. A *Jerusalem Post* poll gave him an eight-percent edge in personal popularity over Peres while an earlier poll put the parties neck and neck, with 41 seats each for Labor and Likud in the 120-member house.

While Begin may not have outstayed the Syrian missile crisis in order to win the election, he was clearly winning every other of party advantage from it—so he had manipulated so many other levers of office, including massive tax cuts. Addressing Assad "sentry to sentry," Begin warned that Israel would fight "with the blood of the Manchukuo" if the offending missiles were not removed from Lebanese soil. When Syria declared a second reconnaissance drone over a SAM-6 Thursday, he termed it a "serious" event.

By this time, however, there were signs that Begin had put himself too far ahead of his military advisers, past and present. In ex-Chief of Staff Rafael Eitan related much more cautiously to the drone incident, which he attributed more to exposed Syrian nerves than to active aggression. "Barbar, Syria's president, Nordehdi Gar, had warned Begin against 'dragging us into a war which is not inevitable,' while former defense minister Barak Wolman, after cutting short a U.S. tour, wondered aloud whether Begin had considered the consequences of his threats. 'Everyone knows how to start a riot,' said Wolman, 'but few know how to stop it.' Opposition leaders, too, berated Be-

The Moscovites were a pretty Jewish who related during the second crisis at against the efforts of King Abdullah to suppress Jordan.

gin for "warlike" statements and his claim that there was a national consensus in favor of military action should the Syrians not back down.

Whether or not it was Begin's "sentry handling" of the crisis—as the evening paper *Yedioth Aharanot* suspected—which had blown it out of proportion, there was little doubt at week's end that Tel Aviv was attempting to tame matters down. Assad also had his difficulties. Despite Foreign Minister Abdel-Hakim Khaddam's rhetorical flourish that Syria "would not submit to any Israeli threat or blackmail," the withdrawal of Arab financial support for Syrian troops in Lebanon, officially the Arab "peacekeeping force," meant that Assad too was rather out on his own.

—JAMES FLEMING

Brussels

Softly, in the footsteps of Haig

Absolutely subdued Caspar Weinberger set foot last week in Brussels for the second time in no more than a dozen weeks with NATO defense ministers the theory topic of spending programs. Gone was the strident tone the U.S. defense secretary had used in Bonn last month, when it looked as though Europe and the United States would be seriously at odds with such other Weinberger looked tired after his flight from Washington, followed by two days of intensive technical discussions. He answered reporters' questions diplomatically, and in the privacy of the meetings, too, it was plain that the "be seen to be Europeans" policy, which made its first appearance with Secretary of State Al-

exander Haig at the NATO foreign ministers' meeting in Rome the previous week (March 6), was in contention. The message seemed to have got home to the Reagan administration that if it refused to talk to the Soviets, some NATO governments would mount overwhelming domestic opposition to plans to station cruise and Pershing missiles in Europe and to increase significantly their defense spending.

As a result, last week's course of the commitment of all NATO members to increase their contributions by three percent a year in real terms was more harmonious than anticipated. Ministers reaffirmed their commitment to the three-percent target and announced its extension for another two years from 1984. On the other hand, Weinberger conceded that past performance and "quality of contributions" should be taken into account. This was in line with West German Defense Minister Hans Apel's argument that his country had almost met the three-percent target for 10 years while U.S. spending had lagged. Apel's reference to quality was an allusion to the German contention that its troops are more highly trained and disciplined than the Americans and less subject to drug abuse. It is likely now that NATO will move away from the three-percent formula which penalizes those who are cost-efficient and is open to abuse in other ways. Figures can be distorted by such cost factors as a foreign pay rate.

Weinberger's softly, softly approach



With his from Eric Silver at Jerusalem and Stan Tiedes in Beirut

Weinberger of NATO—a theory topic

came fast on the heels of Haig's promise that the U.S. would seek seriously the Carter commitment to seek talks with the Soviets aimed at reducing the numbers of long-range nuclear weapons in Europe. Nevertheless, the comments issued at both meetings were too vague to permit a definitive judgment of the true intentions of the Reagan administration in this regard.

—IAN MATTHEW

U.S.A.

A government watchdog without teeth to bite

Consumer protection falls under the Reagan axe

By Michael Posner

From the first days of his 1981 presidential campaign, Ronald Reagan voiced his intent to kick the splintering engine of American industry back to full-throttle life. After four months of delay, it is clear he means to be good to his word. Early decontrol of crude oil prices, postponement of auto pollution control standards, opening federal lands to resource development—in dozens of ways the Reagan administration is trying to remove

the regulatory shackles that, in its view, impede economic recovery. Only allow business to do business. Regulations, he believes, and investment capital needed to finance the resurgence will sprang up like a prayer.

The latest White House initiative in its move to dismantle the Consumer Product Safety Commission (CPSC)—at its least to cripple its authority. The smallest of all independent federal agencies, the CPSC was established in 1973 to set standards (voluntary or mandatory) that would protect con-

sumers from injury or death. In its history has been hungry at best. Consumers repeatedly said it lacked bite. Industry complained its research was incomplete, that the costs of implementing standards outweighed the benefits derived. Government assessments issued few orders for manufacture and enforcement. Still, a study released last week by the Consumer Federation of America credits the CPSC with preventing nearly 300,000 injuries a year—and saving more than \$200 lives. It is the commission's ability to regulate that it feared that many consumer activists are threatened by the Reaganite pro-business bias.

Writing to the Senate earlier this month, Reagan's budget director, David Stockman, said, "Our preference would be to abolish the agency entirely." But Stockman's letter arrived only days before two separate congressional committees were scheduled to debate the commission's 1982 budget, and most

—Instructors had simply stalked out their

The thing that swallowed Florida

There is a story set right inside in Dade County, Florida. The other morning, Dade County Dispatch went out to water his tomato garden, only to discover it had disappeared. The earth had swallowed the crop whole, as well as a concrete curb, tree, roots and all. The Dispatch story was only the latest in a series of sinkholes that have been sucking out land and everything resting there in drought-parched central Florida at an alarming rate, taxing the nerves of citizens and even officials' diets.

At last count there were six major sinkholes, near Winter Park, north of Orlando, in a 190-to-20-acre mountain, 150 meters deep. It swallowed six cars, six houses and half of one business before stabilizing. It looks as if the earth was let by a giant waterworks. The news has been followed off by the local fire department, but firefighters come anyway, since with telephone lines to record this little piece of Winter Park history, Geologists say the sink is probably over, but it's a good bet the West Side Community Road, right at the edge of the hole, won't be open any day soon.

"We live over a giant sponge," explains Dennis Phillips, owner of a theatrical supply store 45 meters from the tip of the hole. "There's 70 feet of sand, then 30 feet of clay and then porous limestone that absorbs water. When there's not enough water (the limestone will collapse)."

And water in Florida is an increasingly scarce commodity. "This is the worst drought I've seen in 30 years," says John Wotruba, deputy director of the south-

Florida water management district, Lake Okechobee, normally 45 meters deep, is now less than 15. By government order, water consumption has been cut by 25 percent in most of the state. Rocked gardens are parched and grass that was 10 cm high a year ago is 2 cm. Partly the much is now under three feet, except the earth which normally dries

Winter Park sinkhole aerial view (below) and in detail, like a waterworks on its



on the grass are being weight.

May is usually the rainy season in Florida, when thunderstorms laid over the ocean and rain rolled in afternoon. This year, for some reason, it isn't happening. Florida normally gets 112 cm a year, 300 cm equivalent, leaving 45 cm for water management. "But," says Wotruba, "we haven't had a drop of manageable water in a year. What we need is a real good soak and a whole rainy season, so that we can save some water for the next dry spell."

There may be other reasons why Florida is going dry. The relentless migration of industry to the nation's Sun Belt has paved over large areas of the region. Water that once seeped naturally into the soil—and helped hold up the limestone caverns in the state's crust—is now percolated from down. The pro-business Reagan administration might take note that in a delicate environment such as Florida's, the business boom may be carrying some heavy ecological costs. —M.P.





Blackburn (left), Mulcair's market colleague does not hold in quality of his



options. Even so, the authorities' 1976 approval of the committee approved the virtual cessation of the commission's powers. Its operating budget would be slashed by 30 per cent. The authorities' entire program, brighter stars with less security—would have to be fixed. Instead of mandatory standards, the commission would first be required to negotiate with industry in writing voluntary standards, only when voluntary compliance failed to reduce the risk could mandatory rules be considered. Eight of 13 regional offices would be closed. Three advisory councils would be replaced by a seven-man advisory board jointly appointed by the National Institute of Health.

Other clauses that would effectively end the commission's independence were only narrowly beaten back in committee and may never pass. During floor debate, there would give Congress a de facto veto over commission rules, transfer its authority over chronic hazards to another federal agency, require prior justice department approval for all CPSC action and move the entire agency into the orbit of the commerce department.

"Business does not like to be told that it must add protective devices to electronic goods," explains Rep. Proxmire, legislative director of the National Consumers League. "This competition is the marketplace does not build in quality of life factors. Government has to do it, even if it means higher costs."

Critics of the commission's existing structure believe even a scaled-down mandate can wield some clout. Other federal agencies—Food and Drug, Environmental Protection—already operate within the statute's branch without endorsement of authority. Says National Association of Manufacturers' lawyer Joe Alexander: "With a single address,

trader working under negative responsibility, the CPSC would have a more desirable direction. It ought to be made accountable."

For others, accountability simply means calling it out. Sen. Frank Lautenberg, Democratic chairman of the House of Representatives subcommittee on health and environment, wants that direction: the CPSC to department of commerce (DOC) control would make it subservient to business interests. "If you bury it in the bowels of the doc, you'll never hear from it again." No one within the Reagan administration seems greatly perturbed by that prospect.

As week's end, the verdict was still in doubt. Both the Senate and House must pass authorizing bills and then hammer out their differences in conference. Even the most optimistic observers, however, expect a reduced budget and a diluted mandate can only diminish the commission's influence—and its ability to protect consumers. The Reagan era is just beginning, but as T.S. Eliot noted, "What we call the beginning is often the end." □

Partners in more than bed?

A once-popular song used to proclaim that love and marriage go together like a horse and carriage. Today, the lyricist would better pen a ditty celebrating love and love-acts, and nobody would have been more suited to sing it last week than British actor Peter Frimpong. He is currently being sued in a White Plains, N.Y., court by former girl-friend Penelope McCall, who is demanding half his earnings from 1973 to 1978, when the couple lived together. She is also asking for half-

ownership of a house in Frimpong's \$300,000 estate in Orange, N.Y.

To hear McCall tell it, she was far more than just a rock groupie. She claims an amorous "partnership" in which she helped the 30-year-old Frimpong promote his career in return for half his assets. The 30-year-old blonde says she "lent him money and helped clothe him," "introduced him to the 'right' people" and "put him on the road to success." Not so, contends Frimpong. McCall was the inspiration for his song *Penelope for Peter Frimpong*, but otherwise her contributions were limited to those of a traditional "male-female" relationship.

McCall first met Frimpong in 1973, but a judge threw out the case on the grounds that knowing McCall's con-



Penelope and Peter approve of 'idol'.

plaints would amount to judicial approval of adultery, a crime in New York state, because McCall had neglected to divorce her second husband, Nick Bridges, while she used marriage to Frimpong's group Humble Pie. McCall appealed, and the state's Supreme Court, showing that even strict judges know a thing or two about obscenity, decided that adultery should not prevent a hearing.

Ever since Michelle Marvin's landmark victory, courts regularly have been asked to pick over what once was the stuff of lovers' quarrels. Scandal of the most political nature has revolved around a relationship between Marjorie Bernstein's now-convicted son, Billy Gene King, and Richard Hannan's actions against his former roommate, John Michael Galspeth, director of the hit musical *Gypsy*. As a result, Manhattan attorney Lisa Perlis, an expert on obscenity law, argues would-be prosecutors to consult their lawyers as well as their hearts. Whatever the song said, love and contracts are the things that best go together.

—BETTA CHAPMAN

CANADA

Watching the watchers

A \$10-million tale of distrust and deception Ottawa will find hard to ignore

By Robert Lewis

Judge David McDonald must have realized that his royal commission on the inner security service had arrived as an Ottawa institution one day in 1978, when he received a telephone threat on his life. Having already heard months of evidence about the pervasiveness of scrutiny in the national mosaic, McDonald should not have been surprised that the Mounties promptly assigned him a protective detail, even while he continued his probe into who should oversee the watchers. After close to four years of study, the McDonald inquiry had hit last word when it submitted the third—and final—volume of conclusions to the government last week.

It is a tale of distrust and deception which in the swirling spanned two changes of government in Ottawa. One of the 150 witnesses, John Diefenbaker, died before the task was completed, another, a perturbed security service operative, took his life after giving evidence, a third, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, checked his executive privilege at the commission's door, to testify in secret. By the time the inquiry winds down with the expected release of



Rickard, McDonald and Gilbert (below) Trudeau's murky track, the biggest creep-up since the blanket was loosened

the report is the fall, the supreme will have cost more than \$10 million. Chairman McDonald warns any suggestion that there is a "core report" among the three in the barrel "You know," he observes, "what part of the apple people know you?"

Despite national angst and government resistance to scrutiny, it will be difficult for Ottawa to ignore the fruits of the labor. They have been polished with care so that an interdepartmental committee of senior officials, charged with vetting the hole for national security leaks, can release the maximum. McDonald and his fellow commissioners, Toronto lawyer Donald Rickard and Montreal lawyer Guy Gilbert, will then check the expanded version to decide if they can lend their imprimatur to the publication.

The fabled force is bound to end up with stars on its tonic, but one

thoughtful security service official allows: "It is important that we get it all out. We give a damn, because a security service can't operate without support of the citizenry. It's important to assure people, even if they are a minority, that this is not some kind of secret police state." Adds a member of the commission: "Canadians will be more free, or less free, depending on what is done with what we say."

Because of hearings in public since the McDonald commission was appointed in July, 1977, there is little doubt about one central theme starting with the October Crisis in 1970, there was a complete breakdown of communication between the government and the security service. At first, the secrets it sought covered up their involvement in operations outside the law, viewed as suspected subversives. Ministers accused Mounties of mistaking them. Later, Mounties alleged that ministers ordered a crackdown on the *Provi de Libération de Québec (PLQ)* and other groups in the early 1970s, but looked the





other way when confronted with the assembly fact that security service gun-shots would have to break laws to get on with the job.

In the panic that followed the 1974 kidnapping of British diplomat James Cross and the assassination of Quebec Labor Minister Pierre Laporte, the Trudeau government concluded that the secret was not on top of the scene. Before the October Crisis, Trudeau had appointed co-diplomat Jean Bouché as the first civilian director, with a half-baked mandate to make the security service increasingly separate and civilian. But the fees rejected the outsider. So in June, 1975, the government established a separate branch under army Col. Robert Bourne as the selector-general office to review intelligence gleaned by the Mounties and others. Again, the act failed. The Trudeau government, Meakins says, learned, had also quietly established its own network of informants that spring to monitor Quebec labor unions and college campuses for the Prime Minister's Office (PMO). It became known as the "Vital Group," after Claude Vadez, a former director of the Company of Young Canadians. Other participants included Trudeau staffers Jean-Pierre Morneau, now an aide to Communications Minister François Poir, and Jacques Giguère, a former Quebec labor leader who is now an MP. The Vital Group drew their support from the payroll of the Privy Council Office (PCO) and reported to Marc Lalonde, then Trudeau's chief of staff and now minister of energy.

In the early stages, the PMO-PCO group proposed to trade information with the security service. But the scheme, advanced without the knowledge of some PCO officials dealing with intelligence, was aborted by security service director Starnes. He convinced Trudeau that secret state police should not be handling such matters of a political party view, in turn, controlled a



Security mandarins Starnes (left) and Bourne outside was rejected by RCMP

powerful government.

It was a time when Bourne's group was preparing a list of officials suspected of leaking state secrets, and which the selector-general Jean-Pierre Goggin was circulating to cabinet colleagues and friendly allies around the globe. It was a time, opponents say, charged, when Ottawa's intelligence about suspected separatists was being passed to the Quebec government of Premier Robert Bourne, viewed as favoring their ouster from his bureaucracy.

The McDonald committee leaked into the Vital Group, along with a handful after revelations. But it contained after testimony in camera that there had not been an (first) coupset between the government and the media. In the end, McDonald did not even mention the Vital Group in his reports.

One issue McDonald does address is

Goggin and PCO demonstrators in 1970. The PMO could say up his own network



whether or not the Trudeau cabinet succeeded (legal acts back to the 1970s—and whether, in the 1980s, the security service can operate outside existing laws. The issue arose when the committee—over objections from government lawyers—skipped confidential documents from Trudeau's cabinet committee on priorities and planning (PAP). A memo submitted a month after the October Crisis said that there was an "inherent contradiction" between the rules of the RCMP as law enforcement agency and an intelligence gathering. Sometimes members had to "undertake activities that are contrary to law and which would prove to be unacceptable and embarrassing." The security service wanted protection for members attempting to infiltrate terrorist cells who were forced to commit crimes "to prove themselves and gain acceptance"—say, by stealing vehicles and forging documents.

But beyond the murky matter to the committee as security and intelligence, also chaired by Trudeau. At a December, 1975, meeting the act appealed for changes in the law and "immunity from arrest and punishment for [and agents] who have to break the law in order successfully to infiltrate movements like the FLQ." The public record shows only that cabinet deliberated a decision.

Starnes and then-RCMP commander William Haggis testified that the government, in ordering a crackdown on the FLQ, had to know that laws were being broken. Members vehemently denied the allegation. McDonald took key evidence on the past is, in fact, in detail of who knew what may never survive the official edit of the reports. Former cabinet secretary Gordon Robertson, who headed the top-level "security panel" at the time, told McDonald last week "There was never any decision taken by cabinet. The policy was

not changed. The policy was—they could not commit crimes."

Another possibility is that ministers didn't ask because they knew what they didn't want to hear. Says George McNaught, selector-general responsible for the act between 1968 and 1978, "We considered [then] not to act on the writing, for national security purposes." Murray Seasmith, a former deputy-director of the security service, told the McDonald commission that a minister probably couldn't "live with" the knowledge that one of his organizations was "committing [illegals]." Added Seasmith "You had to advise the minister as completely as possible, and hope that the minister did not ask embarrassing questions." Hiding the truth? "Yes," Seasmith replied, "I suppose you could put it that way."

Security service heads are dubious that a royal commission composed of a judge and two lawyers can bring itself to sanction violations of the law by police—ever though they believe that it is sometimes necessary in the pursuit of spies and subversives. "The notion of an intrusive, secret force is inimical to a democratic, Western society," insists one security service officer. "But we aren't going to be making those decisions any more. For months there has been a parade of people before McDonald who were called for doing just that."

For those implicated in a series of potential flagships—the burning of a barn, the theft of dynamite, the forced "recruitment" of FLQ informers, newspaper entrapment, mail opening and telephone taps—the spotlight ahead will be filled with fear and loathing. Under provisions of section 13 of the Inquiries Act, they have been informed only if they could come in for critical mention in McDonald's reports. The list ranges from Donald McCreery, former security service operative in Montreal's G section, which was the source of many of the tapes, to McNaught and Goggin.

For the future, McDonald might opt, in effect, to substantiate violations of the law by the security service. The Quebec inquiry into the RCMP, under Chairman Jean Keable, recommended in its report last March that the legislature formally adopt the terms and conditions under which intelligence work should be carried on. McDonald might further suggest a security oversight panel composed of bipartisan notables in the British or American models. He is certainly going to urge the government to get a grip on the murky trade and, reportedly, recommends the establishment of a civilian service outside the RCMP.

Making a civilian service accountable to the government or Parliament may be one answer to the legacy of suspicion between politicians and police. The

McDonald commission record in a complete with examples of attempts by the RCMP to conceal its involvement in their operations from its masters—and of masters looking away when things went bump in the night. Reflecting on the history of spies, on Meakins McCreery once observed "It was the biggest cover-up since the blanket was invented."

Little wonder that relations between ministers and the Mounties were marred by almost constant conflict. Jean-Pierre Goggin was part of a long line of ministers who failed to grasp the

reason of the mounted. For example, he asked Commissioner Hoggins to stop plans for a rifle to commemorate the 1973 centennial—horrified at the prospect that it could be used in crime. Hoggins was undeterred. He personally approved the design and special modification on the best of the limited edition 30-30 Winchester Model 54. RCMP Commissioner Today said a rifle, with a low serial number (sold originally for less than \$100), fetches up to \$1,500. Goggin, meanwhile, is back practicing law in Montreal, wondering if the other best is going to drop. ☐

Does this look like the type of thing a father of three would drive?



A royal pain in the purse

With the constitution set aside to rise in the warm lap of the Supreme Court for a couple of weeks, parliamentarians, fresh from an 18-day Easter break, turned their not-so-lazy energy to rather less exotic matters last week—in wit, a record 124-per-cent inflation rate and the eighth increase in the Bank of Canada's interest rate in eight weeks, to an unprecedented 18.96 per cent. But despite the conflicting new statistics, the much-beset two-day debate on the economy turned up few fresh insights, concentrating instead on bitter squabbling over how badly of Canadians are.

Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau told the Commons that, despite soaring inflation and mortgage costs, Canadians are wealthier now than they were 10 years ago and that real disposable income has increased an average four-per-cent-a-year over the past decade. "Canadians are better off now than they were in 1960, too," scoffed New Democratic Party leader Ed Broadbent, who produced his own figures showing that in the past three years the average worker's real wages have dropped by 85 a week. Broadbent also pushed the government to provide some relief for homeowners who can't meet rising mortgage payments. "There are many reasons for people to abandon their homes," replied Trudeau, who noted that the rate of foreclosures is actually dropping. He said that while the costs of home ownership have increased, so have wages. In a prime-time radio ear-bait, Trudeau had issued on the general

"readjustment of moral values" since the war and noted that it may lead to reassessments of how the free market society can work. "It used to be a no-no to have a means test, because citizens were basically innocent," he said, "and they didn't try to rip off the system. But when it became a given, a sport to play the system so that you can arrange your unemployment insurance to go on a skiing holiday or to Florida... the morality has changed."

But it was Trudeau's finance minister, Allan Rock, who spent most of last week on the front lines. One back-bencher called him a "million, wealthy old bachelor" and New Democrat Bob Rae noted dryly, "The minister's involvement in social Darwinism would be quaint, were its effects not so devastating." It was Tony Fluke, MacDonald who finally drove him to submission.



MacInneson, and (above) Mac Donald. It used to be a no-no to have a means test.

penetration with a charge that elderly people were forced to live on dog food because of his government's policies. Such "sordid" comments, said the minister, were the product of an "agitated mentality."

By week's end the temper had subsided and while ordinary Canadians were left to ponder the latest sobering economic news—\$1 in 1971 is now worth 42 cents—Mrs. Turner to other leaders, and the prime minister joined off to Algeria for a state visit aimed at solving the problems of poor countries. New Democrat Margaret Mitchell wasn't the only MP unimpressed by last week's performance. "Until inflation starts hitting the middle class, the establishment parties won't take any notice," she said. But she may be beginning to happen. "Even some MPs are complaining."

—SUSAN RELEY

British Columbia

No talk of an obituary

BC Supreme Court judge and former federal justice minister Edmund Burke Fulton, 46, still militarily still in one of the banked wine-colored seats in BC provincial courtrooms (40 accused men were detained defendants charged with marijuana possession, assault and theft under \$200. From two rows behind Fulton, who was there charged (for the second time in two years) with driving with a blood alcohol count of more than .06 per cent, came the room-filling voice of a perfumed, gum-sucking young girl. "Well, Mr. Fulton," she issued, "how does it feel?"

It was one more in a series of incidents that have dinged the former power of the Tory party—a man who was responsible for smelting 1810 jobs in such broad young men as Michael Pittsfield, Bruce Maloney, Marc Lalonde, Lowell Murray and Joe Clark. Last week, in a different Vancouver courtroom full of visiting schoolchildren, he was finally absolved from another of his embarrassments. Vancouver call girl Wendy King, looking very Junior League in a stylish pink dress, admitted that the "Gassy B" in her memoirs, The Wendy King Story, was not Fulton. Charged with libel, she and her ghostwriter, Robert Wilson, issued an unconditional apology. Outside the courtroom Fulton admitted that the stress of the case had created an alcohol problem in

The five-time Fulton was sentenced, in 1967, to one year and had his driver's license suspended for three months



King, and Maloney Fulton a name carved out over years and horror comics



return, and that he would seek a respite during a four-to-six-week paid leave of absence from the bench.

The highly visible nature of Fulton's problems have caused anguish for family and friends. "I've been disgusted at the kind of treatment these isolated incidents have been given," says longtime Fulton friend and supporter Maloney, now president of Iron Ore Co. of Canada. They are notorious, however, with a distinguished but peculiarly staccato career. Sired from B.C. blood stock (a grandfather and grandfather were B.C. premiers), known as Fulton was first elected to Parliament as a backbench member campaigning in a kilt following the Second World War. Jew firm as a stump and hard red as spring carrots, he first earned out a name, "Pearless Fulton," and the ensuing array of crime and horror novels from 1949 by having the hard-boiled character from Canada file did it, moreover, by the almost absurd-of route of putting a private member's bill through a Liberal Commons, and he was more Tory back-bencher following a checky run for the Tory leadership in 1956, he became a principled and active justice minister in the Diefenbaker cabinet from 1962 to 1967. Fulton nevertheless joined the long and

disputed list of figures who gained Duff's creative disfavor, leading to political humiliation and eventual resignation from the cabinet. In a lapse of political nerve, he returned to B.C. in a disastrous attempt to revive the moribund fortunes of the B.C. Tory party. He later ran an energetic but unhelpful race for leadership of the federal Tories in 1967, only to have his Quebec (he was fluently bilingual) and Atlantic support eroded by the like entry of Duff Roblin and Robert Stanfield. Defeated in his Kamloops federal seat by Les Macdonald in 1968, he returned to law and

was appointed to the bench in 1973. Despite last week's libel victory, Duff's Fulton's troubles are not over. B.C. Chief Justice Allan McRobb has indicated Fulton's case will be referred to the Federal Judicial Council, which has the power to remove him from the bench, and a trial date for the driving charge will be set. May 26. Conviction could result in a minimum jail term of 14 days. Yet Senator Murray, a former Fulton campaign manager, sums up the feeling of many who he suspects, "We are not talking here about an obituary."

—THOMAS HOPKINS

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Let's say in theory, they might be just using the back side again and not really on the dinosaur thing!

The ghost of the godfather

"All these years I always felt guilty towards my family because I wasn't getting any better." Yet Orfiliu's voice cracked before weeping is a great healthy laugh. "I don't feel guilty anymore because now I know I didn't stand a chance." In 1986 the police wife of Winnipeg, North, was Dr. David Orfiliu, travelled to Montreal to get psychiatric help for neurosis and postpartum depression. Horrified, she fell under the care of the late Dr. R. Ewen Cameron, described by one colleague as "the godfather of Canadian psychiatry," at the Allan Memorial Institute of the Royal Victoria Hospital. Cameron's pioneering experiments in the use of brainwashing techniques to restore mental health—revealed years later to have been secretly funded by the CIA (Maclean's, Feb. 12, 1979)—all but destroyed her life and left her with permanent brain damage. Last week, 20 years later, Orfiliu settled out of court for \$50,000 and costs from the hospital where she and 50 others served as unwitting guinea pigs. Not that the money matters much. "David and I figured it out as at least \$150,000 over the years for travel and expenses alone." To add insult to injury Orfiliu had to pay for the "medication" Cameron administered, drugs that included massive doses of amphetamines, barbiturates and LAO. Orfiliu was now joining with four other former Cameron patients in an attempt to sue the CIA for autism, still, not for the money "I just wanted

Orfiliu: why was treatment so hard?



somewhat to say they were sorry."

Her mistreatment began within two weeks of her episode arrived in Montreal. "Cameron chose me," she says. "I started getting LDO injections. It was horrifying. I couldn't understand why my treatment was so hard." Orfiliu was never told that Cameron was experimenting on her. Faded over the years by more than \$50,000 in grants from a CIA fund called the Society for the Investigation of Human Ecology, the psychiatrist became more and more daring in his means and methods of drugs and one of brainwashing techniques. At the height of his experimentation he was dosing patients with LAO along with a cocktail of other drugs, hooking them up to electric shock grids and whitening their hair for 12 hours a day, 30 days in a row to repeated taped soundings and inspirational kundalini in his and to keep her near him, Cameron prevailed upon Orfiliu to take a job with the years in Montreal and to forget about her family back home. After three years Orfiliu tried to break free, but found herself flying two or three times a year to Montreal to contact with the man she still trusted as "a god."

Though over the years Cameron modified his methods, quietly dropping certain drugs and curtailing the tape-listening sessions, no one ever hinted to Orfiliu that there were alternative treatments available. When Cameron resigned from the Royal Vic in 1981 he approached to patient care was hampered. Still, Orfiliu continued to visit him, following his advice and getting intravenous drug injections in his late 70s and home (near which Cameron was killed in a motorcycle accident in 1982). "All the other doctors and nurses told us of him," Orfiliu says. "No one ever hinted to me that his methods were unusual. I just kept doing everything he told me. I wanted to much to get well."

—ANNE BURTON

A Carry On Gang with teeth

If nothing else, it was humane—and became even more so as details poured down several columns of The Globe and Mail last week. U.S. Federal agents had, last month, arrested two Canadian and eight American mercenaries, all linked with the Kilo Klan Klan or neo-Nazi groups—just as they were about to set sail from New Orleans on a mission to overthrow the government of the tiny Caribbean island of Dominica. In Toronto, meanwhile, The Globe's Peter Moon, who over the years has earned a solid reputation as an investigative reporter, had received word, hours earlier, from U.S. law enforcement sources, that the arrests would take place. The next day he was in Den-



Moon and (right) seized whiplashes: an explosive eye does to have 'informants'.

den and then on to New Orleans and found that indeed this Carry On Gang of white supremacists was serious and well-organized. Seized were 38 assault rifles, 30 sticks of dynamite with 20 blasting caps, 5,000 cartridges, walkie-talkies, a Next Day and a copy of Soldier of Fortune magazine.

When federal agents arrested 30-year-old Michael Perdue of Houston, Tex., identified as the group's ringmaster, they found in his briefcase a contract signed by Perdue and Patrick Kilo, former prime minister of Dominica who has been detained since his arrest last March under the government's state-of-emergency regulations. The contract provided for a payment of \$150,000 to

Perdue after John had been reinstated as prime minister.

Meanwhile, from other sources, or "informants" as he likes to call them, Moon found it to be between the Klan and a Toronto magazine, called "The Jew" by members of the Klan. "The Jew" had given the Klan \$10,000 to help it finance its invasion of Dominica, and it was his intention to use the island as a base for organized crime. It was also at this time that Moon found out that Toronto radio station CTVS had known about the Klan plot since last October and had taped interviews with conspirators over several weeks. CTVS refused to comment on the Globe story last week, except to say that it contained inaccuracies, but Moon quoted the station's news director, Robert Halfaday, who said CTVS never told police about the plot because the station wanted a scoop. He said CTVS planned to send a reporter to Dominica to watch the authorities once mercenaries had set sail. "It's easy to be a Monday morning quarterback,"



Moon says, "but they crossed the line and made a serious error in judgment. People could have been killed."

At this point, Moon, who was a private investigator for 4½ years before he became a newspaper man in 1961, started to know James McQuarrie, the self-styled Grand Wizard of the Canadian Klan, who couldn't take part in the proposed coup because he isn't allowed into the United States. McQuarrie became increasingly nervous about Moon's information and dispatched a woman who had agreed to work a hook with McQuarrie on the plot to find out how much Moon knew. At last last, says Moon, the woman turned on McQuarrie and gave Moon documents and tapes covering the operation from beginning to end. Among the tapes were copies of interviews between CTVS and three

of the mercenaries on April 28—a week before they were arrested in New Orleans.

An investigation into the plot was ordered last week by Ontario Attorney-General Sir Jeffrey, who expressed concern that organized crime figures might be involved with members of the KKK. But the Klan, Moon reckons, must now fear retaliation by "The Jew" since it has come out that the mercenaries were talking about killing him after the failure. "I think he's the sort of person who might take vengeance," Moon says, adding with a laugh "I find myself looking in the rearview mirror more than usual!" —WARREN GORDON

British Columbia

Prognosis hopeful but uncertain

Death-of-medicine Cassandra Dene was momentarily stilled last week as the 24-member board of directors of the B.C. Medical Association (BCMA), in a surprise move, voted to recommend that B.C.'s 3,700 doctors accept a personal government fee increase of almost 46 per cent over two years. The vote came after weeks of

scrums in which both government and doctors scored and paved the way. Subsequent events last week included:

- Unilateral introduction of extra billing above medicaid fees by doctors in Kamloops. Premier Bill Bennett vowed medicaid would not be destroyed by "a few self-proclaimed radicals" and advised patients not to pay.

- A new bill drafted by B.C. Health Minister Jim Nixon to reintroduce controversial Bill 18, which could outlaw

Western's a scratch-based, stapled system



B.C. doctors' legal right to extra bill.

- Voluntary closure of dozens of doctors' offices throughout the province to assist what doctors saw as government mismanagement.

In brief "sessions" in several B.C. labor leaders, government and doctors had slunked through months of abusive free-zealot talks, separated by as much as 25 per cent, before exhausted negotiations struck a deal in early May. The decisive 20-11 board vote to recommend acceptance, via a referendum later this month, is viewed as a clear slap in the face to the beleaguered protesting silence of association President Alan Mandeville, a Princeton specialist, and the hard-line BCMA leadership. Turning the offer "Sage-servers," they wanted it repudiated and called on doctors to shut down offices before the BCMA convention in Port Moody last week. The surprise ambush of Mandeville was underwritten by the previously silent "underdog" wing of the BCMA—mostly general practitioners who refused to be pulled into the main reformist plot. Mandeville appeared to be urging: "Bad doctors moderate Dr. Mike Bennett." "I think Alan is still playing the game, it's just that he's forgotten where the post-partum is."

Medicare boosters are advised not to break out the champagne, however. Doctors' anger at government lowballing still runs high and Mandeville's successor, Dr. Ray Mack, who took over last week, is if anything more militant than Mandeville. As well, while approving the settlement, the BCMA board stopped short of advising doctors to scrap so-called "job action" (balance billing and withdrawal of non-emergency services). With restraint the province-wide referendum occurred and will three weeks away, the condition of the notch-dated and stapled B.C. medicaid system can only be held in stable.

—THOMAS HOPKINS



"We want to penetrate the world in every way. We want to get right into people's living rooms," declares **Wendy O. Williams**, lead singer and provocatrix of *The Plebeians*, a new-wave band prone to smashing used tees on stage. A former child performer who appeared on *Howdy Doody*, Williams was a live-on-show artist before converting to music. Sporting shaving cream on her nose and feeding doughnutters led to a celebrated sequel for "sundering obscenity" following a Cleveland concert in January. A concert in Milwaukee brought charges of "prohibitive conduct" and resulting arrest. Manager and boyfriend **Red Dawson** has countered with a "million-dollar suit" charging that the city's police beat up Williams and the group following the concert. Canadian customs seized \$4,000 worth of underwear T-shirts and bonnets before the show last week in Ottawa and charged road manager **George Shering** with illegal importation. A replacement shipment to Montreal brought more charges. Undeterred, Williams expects *The Plebeians* concert in Vancouver next month will proceed as scheduled. Shrug Williams: "If you stop over the line in our society, you're automatically guilty."

The 2,000 Catholics and Protestants who packed *Relief's* Grosvenor Hall to hear singer **Geese Lightfoot** last week were told bluntly that they couldn't leave once they entered—for fear of someone planting a bomb. But the captive audience shook the halls with foot-stomping delight when Lightfoot called for peace in the city and

Mason building a better mouse cell.



Provocatrix Williams (clockwise) singer Lightfoot (right), attempting in distress

voiced to sing on while just two to ten-ton away rats were leaping out for the second night in a row following the death of its younger sister **Geese Hughes**. Lightfoot's Canadian crusade against portable breathalyzer tests was not faring as well. The Supreme Court of Canada inflected a 97% charge of impaired driving back to the Ontario provincial court where the singer had been originally acquitted because the Crown had failed to produce a written cer-

tificate of the results of a roadside breathalyzer test. Chief Justice **Bora Laskin** said oral evidence was acceptable but "nothing more is required in the absence of any evidence to the contrary."

In the tradition of building a better mousetrap, Winnipeg entrepreneur **Raymond Mason** claims to have invented a better mouse cell. The device, which resembles a large tin can with a shackle hanging from the bottom, reproduces a traditional Indian call shown to Mason by his grandfather, a direct descendant of **Chief Pegsaw** who came west with the fur trade of the 1560s. After exhibiting a prototype at the Canadian Sporting Goods Association trade show in Montreal last February, Mason received \$25,000 in orders. The department of Indian Affairs and northern development (IAIN) contributed the almost \$4,000 needed to patent and promote the device, but so far they have refused a requested \$50,000 in adver-

tising loans to get the \$14.5-million raving done the production line. "There's only one other mouse cell on the market. It's a plastic can and this would knock the hell out of it," laments Mason, who was advised by **TRAINING** start his business on a smaller scale and perhaps work out of a garage or shed. "It's freezing here in the winter and they want me doing business in a garage." How primitive can I suppose to be? asks **Baron Orders** as he is filled by July, no buyers can start calling in the fall, and Mason is determined to make the deadline somehow. After all, he points out, "We have 25,000 mice with mouse cell labels on order from Toronto."

About 300 Canadian authors crowded into a reception room at the Metropolitan Toronto Library last week to sign their names for the general public to what was billed as *The World's Greatest Autographing Party* during the National Book Festival. **Lois Duncan**, **James Fennell**, **Miriam Waddington**, **Melanie Engel**, **Edna Glasier**, **Ian Adams**, **Tom Marshall** and **Sylvia Fraser** were among the magistrates, though many a hapless fan searched the crowded room furiously clutching copies of *The Diversion* in search of **Margaret Laurence**, who was writing and could not attend. The highlight of the event was the presentation of the \$20,000 Molson Award to **Margaret Atwood**, who attributed her success to her mother and father "who never bought a television set." **Madey Colquhoun**, 77, was made a lifetime member by the Writers' Union of Canada and, after his presentation, one autograph seeker was seen asking Colquhoun to sign her paperback copy of **William O'Brien's** novel *Wendell*. Colquhoun did so without biting an eye.

gotten that we are all but a link in a great chain." In her 20-minute speech, she told the audience of 700 that they must move further ahead than **Neils McGibson**, who paved the way for the 1969 British Privy Council decision that women are persons. According to McTeer, women now must become equal persons. Cigarette ads may tell women they have come a long way, but, she added, "All we have to do in speed one day as a Canadian woman is see how much further we have to go."

Some people have those years when nothing seems to go wrong. **Tara Meeks**, **Playmate** magazine's Playmate of the Year 1987, is having one of them. Besides the nearly \$200,000 in cash, cars, furs and jewelry that go with the honor, **Welles 36**, picks up her first screen credit in *Looker*, a sci-fi thriller due for release in July in Toronto last

"It's the only Canadian book I own," explained the *CanLit* novice. Commented an amused *Deverell*: "Colquhoun is a lawyer and so on. I, in such we're cast to signing our names for other people."

Still fighting, **Margaret Atwood**, wife of **Les Chien**, was in Winnipeg last week to address a *WETA* awards dinner and theatrically awarded her \$500 speaker's fee to **Orborne House**, a shelter for battered women and children. McTeer, 38, said she still hasn't forgotten an incident in Winnipeg during the 1980 election campaign when she burst into tears after a schoolgirl demanded to know why she left her mother name. McTeer said she was anguished by the question: "As I spoke to her, my Irish temper got the better of me, for she had challenged me just like, but all women. By her question the last few-



Playmate Welles (left), Schreyer with Deputy and pigeons (above), Barker then mad

ment, and 32 homing pigeons, who could fly off in just about any direction. "It's a little to ask," **Beatty** reassured the Governor-General, and is a really tailored suit as he occasionally ascribed the capes last week in Ottawa. "I've never actually seen homing pigeons," said **Schreyer** as the birds crisscrossed the immaculately maintained lawns of Government House. Each pigeon sported a green leg band to indicate to the residents of *Dufferin County*, part of *Beatty's* *Wellington-Dufferin* *Simcoe* riding north of Toronto, that the Governor-General and **Ly Schreyer** would attend the county's centennial celebrations this summer. "They're actually heading in the right direction," marveled **Beatty** with surprise and possible relief. Though hampered by rain in the hot hour of their 30-km journey to the pigeon pen, the birds made it to *Dufferin* in seven hours—beating normal mail delivery by at least 2½ days.

—WRITTEN BY **MARGARET DOWLING**

Selling Senior Cero, reaping a bonanza

By Hal Golin

Long before the game started last Thursday evening, the voodoo ringed Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles. Business was brisk as fans mugged up T-shirts and records, and some fans will be more visually offended by the Dodger baseball team: 35,000 bumper stickers, 15,000 pennants and 10,000 dolls. The subject of this souvenir industry, the object of Southern California's adulation, especially in the Mexican barrios of spreading L.A. and throughout Mexico itself, is "El Toro," "Senior Cero" (Mr. Zero), "El Incredibly," the "Pulchro Fernando."

It's young baseball season has had its share of magic moments (last Friday's perfect game by Cleveland Indians Len Barker) notwithstanding being



Valenzuela juggling on his knees and an eye-rolling stadium audience of El Toro

thing but athletic. Young women ran out to the pitcher's mound to kiss him. Journalists from as far away as Japan have flocked to his games or camped out at his home town of Toluca, Mexico (population 180), to interview his parents, his brothers and his team, take pictures of their four-room house and the dirt floor of the bedroom. He speaks virtually no English. Teammate Mike Scasone says he has heard him use just three English words, "Told, beer and light beer." He barely knows who his starved opponents are. "I knew nothing about baseball in the U.S. until four years ago," his translator relays. Before pressure-packed games he fills

sleep on the trainer's table and then simply goes out and shuts down the anonymous batters who are the idols of millions. After the pregame cries of the vendors had died away last Thursday, he went out and beat the Montreal Expos to tie the major league record for winning the first eight games of a season.

It isn't that Valenzuela has simply won eight games in a row, but the manner in which he has won them. Called up late last season as a relief pitcher for the Dodgers, he appeared 19 times, won two games, saved another and did not allow a run. Moving along this season, Valenzuela has allowed only four earned runs in 88 1/3 major league innings.

There have been rookie pitching phenoms before. Last week's win and Dave (Big) Ferris' 4-6 start in 1963, and Mark (The Bird) Fidrych started out with a 9-1 record in 1970, but few have ever displayed such precocious mastery of the craft. His array of pitches includes a great curve ball, an adequate fastball and slider, but—most remarkable of all—an outstanding screwball which he throws at two different speeds. Batters will admit that the screwball (the left-handed Valenzuela's bouncer is its right-handed lefties and away from left-handers) is one of the toughest pitches to hit, and pitchers admit that it is one of the toughest pitches to throw. Few pitchers have good "screwballs," fewer master it. Those who do, work on it for years. For Hall of Famer Carl Hubbell, acknowledged as the best screwballer ever, it took six years. El Toro took one off-season.

Valenzuela came to the Dodgers when they outbid the New York Yankees and purchased his contract in 1983 from the Mexican League's Puebla Club for \$125,000. The Dodgers offered a long-term contract but his agent opted for a one-year deal, reportedly for just \$42,000. The dividends are already staggering. National League team owners estimate an average 15,000 extra fans for his appearances and the ABC network calculated that there was a bonanza of about \$300,000 from ticket sales, parking and concessions for the New York Mets when he pitched at Shea Stadium.

So far, Valenzuela has shown no signs of withering under the media glare and fan adulation. "It is easy not to feel the pressure," he explains, "when you can't understand what the people around you are saying." And last Thursday evening, when Montreal's Chris Spencer hit a hanging screwball out of the park (Andre Dawson later hit another one) for the first home run against him in the major leagues, Pulchro Fernando wasn't exactly struck. His next 38 pitches were strikes. ☐

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performance (don Diego Pedro Hernandez Parked 417 average) and brought new fans (the base-swinging winery of Expo rookie Tim Lincecum), but the sensational performance of a young Mexican pitcher has dwarfed them all and has left players, managers and fans screaming for superlatives. Twenty-year-old Fernando Valenzuela has been fabulous.

He stands and juggles baseballs on his knees before games. His eyes roll back and almost disappear as he winds up to pitch. His pretty frame looks any-

Of doctored balls and apple pie

The noble pursuit of getting an edge has a long and storied history

By Trent Frayne

Fifty-five years have passed since Walter Hagen and Bobby Jones played 12 holes of golf in Florida for "the championship of the world" during which the old pro Hagen completely disintegrated the sky-scraper Jones and beat him 12 and 11 in match play.

The only Hagen had all sorts of ways of doctoring trials in this so-called head-to-head style. The record shows that in 30 years of tournaments he never lost a playoff. Against Jones he began early. The first hole was a par four with all sorts of trouble just beyond the green. Hagen took a 4-iron for his second shot and held back a little on his swing. The ball fell short. Seeing this, Jones switched to a 2-iron, landed in all the trouble beyond the green, and lost the hole. He never got back into the match.

Half a century has brought few changes across the face of sports, especially pro sports. Even as in the real world the sting and the scam (judging, wink) are part of the long tradition of operating on the edge, men and people endlessly on the prowl for an advantage that often bends the rules and occasionally gives them one half of a fracture.

Currently, attention centres on the picking staff of the Oakland A's, the prize sacrament in baseball. Typically, the number of observers upholding the five starters who have given this team the best record in other leagues is awfully matched by the number trying to figure how they're doctoring their pitches. In 1978 the five were more obscure than Charlie O, the male mascot named for the A's' economic philosophy. Charlie Finley, Bill Lancaster, Matt Keough, Brian Kingman, Mike Norris and Steve McCutty won 38 games among them. In 1980 they were 36 and pitched a record 84 complete games. In 1979 Keough won 20 and lost 17, in 1980 he won 16-12. In 1979 Norris won five and eight, in 1980 he won 22-9.

One day a couple of weeks ago, Ray Stentley of Minnesota was struck out with the tying and winning runs on the bases. Keough flamed too with the momentum spitter. I was now in my life," growled the distressed Stentley. When the A's played in Seattle with Langford pitching, the Mariners' deepest thinker, once-deposed manager Marv Wain, ordered the grounds

keeper to enlarge the batter's box so that his hitters could encounter Langford's curiously behaving curve ball before it began its break in front of the plate.

It's a funny thing about baseball that it's the most mechanical of all the American games. Tossing authors are always running on about it—Hemingway, Malamud, Mark Twain, Twain, Thomas Wolfe, John Updike, Ray Lechler, Sherwood Anderson, Mar-



(left)

ianne Moore. The Fresh-brewed Jacques Bonhomme, distinguished horseman, put it very simply: "Whomever wants to know the heart and mind of America had better learn baseball."

Tot baseball is the trickiest of all the sports. It's where the performers tugger closest to the line, and possibly this is what turns on the luminaries—the scum. For decades when teams with swift base runners went onto a team the home team's grounds keeper would saturate the base path to make them heavy. Good hitters would expect such, throw, tilted ground along the first- and third-base lines so that the ball would roll fast. In Pittsburgh one year the fence in left field and left-centre was

scored six inches closer to the plate to accommodate the fly balls of newly acquired veteran slugger Hank Greenberg. The broad chain between the new fence and the old was unobtrusively called Greenberg Gardens.

The fascinating aspect of this tale of baseball is its broad appeal and universal acceptance. "Cheating is baseball's oldest profession," says the blurb for an article on the subject in the current *Harvard Sports Magazine*. "No other game is so rich in dishonesty, as attested to it or so proud of it," writes *The Washington Post's* longtime baseball writer, Tom Boswell, slaps his sides through a couple of thousand words extolling the lawbreakers. "The whole Oakland starting staff had one kind of spitball or another as soon as Billy Martin (who took over as the manager after the 1979 season) could have it taught to them," Baltimore left-hander Mike Flanagan says.

There are any number of ways of treating the ball so that the air currents reacting on it will cause it to perform tricks. The spitball—the most used far all the covert defacements—can be loaded with jelly or smeared by hidden bits of sandpaper or cut as concealed razor blades or cut sharp-edged gloves. Pitchers snoop over reputations for throwing a doctored pitch whether they do or don't.

In the *Hande Sports* press book Bonhomme, the pitcher's chuck for the Orioles for 12 years and later the manager of the Milwaukee Brewers said a heart attack had stolen, puts cheating pitchers in a singular perspective. "We do not play baseball, we play professional baseball. Amateurs play games, we are paid to win them. If you're a pro you often don't decide whether to cheat based on if it's 'right or wrong,' you base it on whether you can get away with it. A guy who cheats in a friendly game of cards is a cheater. A pro who throws a spitball to support his family is a con artist."

Everybody looks for an edge—well, almost everybody. Chris Evert, the best women tennis player in the world, was watching her English husband, John Lloyd, play Jim Delaney at a resort near Tampa. It was a qualifying match to the players made their own live calls. Lloyd took the first set 4-1, playing well but giving all the close calls to Delaney.

"Damn," Evert Lloyd was heard to say, "I just can't Americanize him."



The prize fight over energy



By Ian Anderson

After spending the past six months being expertly jugged along the ropes, the country's major oil companies could be excited for their personal acceptance—rather than lead depression—of the more conservative Energy Minister Marc Lalonde offered them last week. "You don't want to reject small mercies," quipped Imperial Oil's main Ottawa lobbyist, Roger Hessel. But Hessel's concern with other voices from the battered industry that the proposed federal tax and land changes were only "marginal improvements" to policies deemed "self-defeating" when the National Energy Program (NEP) was announced last Oct. 26 instead of simply sending a 20-per-cent "back in" interest of discoveries on Crown-owned lands, Lalonde now proposes the federal government take the 25 per cent with the "sweetener" that it will pay for re-creation of the exploration costs.

There's a generally held belief in the Oil Patch that the crucial pricing talks between Ottawa and Edmonton seem to be paving toward a satisfactory conclusion sometime this fall. The stock market has kicked off shares back up toward pre-war levels, partly in response to the optimism over pricing, partly because of several rumors about take-overs.

The latest take-over plot is Hudson's

Chambers' ripe leaving Alberta for U.S.: setting the scene for take-overs



Lalonde (left) in Ottawa with oil service representatives, (right) Armstrong

Bay Oil and Gas Co. (HBOG), a little-known private company and the country's much-labeled petroleum producer. With the kind of steady nature typical of the firm, Dome Petroleum Ltd. has proposed to spend up to \$1.75 billion to buy 50 per cent of HBOG's parent, Conoco Inc., the seventh-largest oil company in the U.S. The Seattle idea is to trade that interest for Conoco's share of HBOG, a deal that Conoco Chairman R.E. Bailey is actively opposing. Dome claims Bailey has been withholding information that he has made available to

at least two other potential bidders—Calgary's NEVA Corp., and, according to Dome sources, Kenneth Thomson, Lord of Fleet, of Toronto.

Still, Canadian leaders have remarkable leverage in acquiring assets such as Conoco's holding in HBOG. "These assets are worth more to us as Canadian-owned," explains Denis Hise, energy stock analyst for Bache Halsey Stuart Canada Ltd. The grants system implemented by the NEP discriminates in favour of companies that are Canadian-owned. "Anytime you have a situation like this you have opportunities to make a deal," Hise says, among three other foreign-controlled firms to prime take-over targets. AgipCanada Co. of Canada, or Canada Inc., and Murphy Oil Co. Although some details of a takeover pricing settlement, there appears to be little room for such optimism. With Alberta Energy Minister Marc Lalonde in hospital with back trouble, no further rumors are scheduled until next month. Meanwhile, drilling activity in Alberta has fallen to less than half last

year's rate, as a depletion of more than 300,000 barrels oil industry service and supply company officials pointed out during a two-day lobbying visit to Toronto and Ottawa last week. There are 170 rigs in operation as of last week, compared to 250 a year ago. Further, the shockingly flat rise in the cost of the future of world's prices has also led to pressure for a quick withdrawal. Imperial Oil estimates the cost of its 140,000-mb Cold Lake project, which Alberta will not approve without a settlement on price, is falling at the rate of over

million per day Imperial's chairman, J.A. Armstrong, is threatening to shelve the project if it doesn't get approval by July 1, a date that appears impossible for the two governments to meet, and Shell's president, C. Willem Damsch, is making similar points about his \$12-billion Alamosa project. These are not threats either government takes very seriously. For now, the industry has been knocked out of the ring. There are still only two real players. ☐

Unfair competition

Even in the federal government's publicly owned to teach us its well-known corporate laws, it is doing the same most responsible for making the public aware of the facts behind the business has had in Canada to merge, consolidate and reorganize. Robert J. Bertrand, the director of competition policy, is being "promoted" out of the bureau. The official reason given by the man responsible, Clerk of the Privy Council Michael Pitfield, is that Bertrand will be moved for health reasons. Bertrand, 54, joined the government in 1974, and after a year with a heart attack, two years ago for a series of major attacks on the oil industry, the newspaper claims, the sugar and fertilizer companies, and left Canada. "I feel some responsibility for not giving the country a better stock," Pitfield said last Friday, the day after cabinet decided Bertrand's removal. However, sources within the department of consumer and corporate affairs, where Bertrand has been an assistant deputy minister since 1981, say the move is more political. With the coming battle with Big Business over the changes to competition law, Pitfield and other



Bertrand: free to merge and monopolize.

monopolies "thought his presence would be a detriment," one official said. Pitfield, who says the final decision on Bertrand has not been made by the cabinet, claims this is not the case. Bertrand has turned down past promotion offers.

Since taking over as defender of the small guy's interests, Bertrand has cast himself as a St. George figure, jousting with the dragons of Big Street. He became one of the country's most visible public voices as he self-appointed the role as both the administrator of the Competition Investigation Act and the personal voice within the country for reform of that same act. It was his preference to play the post man in the battle against an overwhelming troop of mergers and monopolies—ladies made

helpless by court rulings such as the one that deemed it was not against the public's interest for the Irving family to control all five of New Brunswick's English-language daily newspapers. Bertrand has looked hard with government and the media for greater understanding of the bill's inadequacies, and finally won approval last month from his minister, Andre Ouellet, to begin the long revision process (Maclean's May 18). But it was also Bertrand whose speeches and public statements made him a lightning rod for complaints from a business community already jittery about such left-leaning policies as the National Energy Program.

Leading the list of fiery replacements is a former assistant to both Pitfield and Bertrand, Lawson Hunter, a young (mid-30s) New Brunswick lawyer with impeccable connections on the Liberal party. Hunter clashed frequently with Bertrand in the past in his position as the justice department lawyer responsible for scrutinizing Bertrand's pronouncements. The justice department has been wary of employing the non-biased competition act, preferring instead to shake out competition issues in behavior through the Restrictive Trade Practices Commission, which can order injunctions to cease and desist, but which cannot issue fines or jail sentences. An ambitious and energetic lawyer, Hunter's friendship with Pitfield—the lunch frequently at Ottawa's exclusive club, the Ritz, where he leads to fears of political access into the autonomy that the bureau enjoys under Bertrand. It also will cause tension in the small, beleaguered group of reporters and lawyers whose reports were long so damning all the dark days by the persistence of the small, shy and extremely formal rebel they called Bobby J. —IAN ANDERSON

to aggrandise their image as mega-corporations. Officials at the federal department of consumer and corporate affairs say several thousand Canadian companies have filed for name changes during the past year. While most of these are of a technical nature—for example, changing Ltd. to inc.—many involve complicated public relations strategies and hundreds of thousands of dollars of follow-up advertising. Among recent examples of consumer outrage: Alberta Gas Trunk Lines became AGLA, an Alberta Corporation, Canadian Pacific Investments became Canadian Pacific Investments, Dominion Bridge became ADIA International, Western

International Hotels became Western Hotels, Western Mines became Western Resources and so on. TransAlta, a company owned by a consultant while passing a kitchen maid, went with more than 100 other possible names submitted by creative consultants before emerging as the winner during an image "re-think" involving over seven million. Calgary Power will spend \$300,000 during 1981 to change the name on its 76 nuclear stations, 11 hydroelectric stations, two thermal plants and all its equipment and stationery.

There may be another reason for the move. With a bid currently outstanding in TransAlta's shareholding by the New West Group for 46 per cent of the company's stock, President Marsh Williams will never have to say he let Calgary Power fall into enemy hands. —GORDON LANGE



MUSIC

For the record

GRIPS: CARMINA, BURANA
Conducted by Riccardo Muti
(Angel/Capitol Records—8362)

The 80-year-old Carl Orff has apparently played his symphony in the past without incident. It finally emerges along, every bit as excellent and belated as the dreamy-care medieval poems that first inspired. Muti drives the Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus (of London) hard, but



he's also surprisingly gentle with Orff's raucous late medieval. Best of all is Orff's Scherzo, a little baroque tale that is marvellously subtle at switching roles from macabre to teasingly tender and from juvenile delinquency to sloshed pious. There's also a cheerful of teenage boys joyously prancing with Orff's last. Previous releases take care.

BEHAGHS/SCHUMANN: THE COMPLETE STRING QUARTETS
Gustavus Quartet
(DECCA—2 discs)

Like the rest of a later Schumann's quartets desperately want to be loved. But no amount of approving disc can reveal that Schumann was in it at all in the modern. With more generous playing one might come to love these quartets, but the Gustavus Quartet, for all its purity and skill, remains straightly bloodless. It is also too chaotic, too lacking in opportunity for the more stately and majestic Brahms quartets. Once in a while it stumbles upon the right degree of emotional poising and brooding, but it is too soon reverts to bland diplomacy.

TCHAIKOVSKY: VIOLIN CONCERTO IN D MAJOR, OPUS 35, AND SERENADE MELANCOLOIC, OPUS 36
Golden Kerner, violin, conducted by Louis Marshall
(DECCA—2 discs)

Many soloists tackle this concerto as if the hard was to be behind their heads, their imagination restrained by its pop-

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ular appeal and an addiction of bad habits. Krenner's magnificent video playing has a flexibility and freshness which does everything necessary to vivify the work. In particular he refuses to succumb to rhetorical flourishes or breakdowns, taking time both to study the work's bone structure and to explore its flesh the dress in it attractively, and as old war horse emerges newly experienced. —JOHN PEARCE

THE CELESTIAL JAWK Keith Jarrett (ECM/WEA)

This is pianist Keith Jarrett's third attempt to compose for classical orchestra

and, after a mildly intriguing first movement, his worst try. For his best, *Below Zero*, Jarrett wisely recruited saxophonist Jim Garrison as the inspiring lead voice and surrounded him with a score indebted to Debussy's impressionism. *The Cultural Monk*, however, shows Jarrett's impressionist palette thickening into noisy work-music, stultic and, for all the asking after a concerto form, Jarrett merely tops his piece through wireless interludes. Striving for strong structure, Jarrett changes into Charles Ives territory often and comes out as a tangled John (Clove Rhoades) Williams scrambling for the last chord.



Jarrett goes over-the-top eclectic

OCTET—MUSIC FOR A LARGE ENSEMBLE—VIOLIN PHASE Steve Reich (ECM/WEA)

As an avant-garde minimalist composer, Steve Reich is interested in repetition, he has pared down his compositions to exhaustive explorations of single-figure strategies. His early pieces, such as *Violin Phase*, may be daunting, but his more recent compositions have lightened to achieve a rhythmic playfulness surprisingly close to the *rock-improvisation* trade-off of rock and jazz. The airy sweetness and drive of *Octet*, abetted by the clarity of Manfred Eicher's production, is typical of Reich's urban passion. The exact pitch/rhythm keyboard and reed instruments, droning strings and horn washes are blended into a gentle but energetic flow. It's the sound of industrial logic domesticated, and serves well as background music for the busy.

HOME MUSIC BY STEVE SWALLOW TO POEMS BY ROBERT CRAWLEY (ECM/WEA)

Adaptably, a jazz album based on someone's poems would seem to offer trendy prospects at best. But Robert Cawley, American poetry's most melodic and durable old singer, already had the rhythms down before the Korean War, his brief, pecked verse hides a precise (ironic behind colloquial diction) in ways any songwriter might envy. Bassist Steve Swallow's music and a fiery quartet led by pianist Steve Kuhn and saxophonist David Liebman combine for a generous album of excellent mainstream jazz. Vocalist Shafiq Jordan may be a vocal stylist without favor, but she is small, sparingly to deliver short melodies which don't interfere when the band stretches out—as set they perform succinctly in the disfigured spirit of the post for 10 cuts. —BART THYTA



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LIVING

A homey alternative to the rejection slip

Do-it-yourself publishers crack the best-seller lists

By Jane Wideman

When Beatrice Ilse-Bassuk approached three Canadian publishers with her cookbook *The Creativity Connection*, two gave an answer, the third sent a firm rejection. But the Acadia University sensory professor decided—the publishers were closed—she would put out her own book. Since its release 2½ years ago, *Ilse-Bassuk* has sold nearly 30,000 copies (\$300 marks a Canadian best seller) of the book she wrote in her Granville Ferry, N.S., cottage, hand-lettered to suit on printing costs and delivered to bookstores in her station wagon. By the time she published her second title, *The Blueberry Connection*, "Maclean's" and other companies were beating a path to my door, but I decided to keep my own book."

No government ignores, record the members of do-it-yourselfers, but Lucy Bontjens of the National Library Collections Development Branch estimates that as many as 1,000 self-publishers have registered for their 1989 (International Standard Book Number, required by libraries in the past seven years). Most of the entrepreneurs have realized that the odds against having a book accepted by a Canadian publisher are staggering. McClelland and Stewart,

for instance, accepts only 10 books out of 70,000 unsolicited manuscripts. Aspiring writers determined to break into print can pay a vanity price (\$6,000 to \$25,000) for the privilege, which includes no guarantee of release. Or they can produce their own initial print run (usually \$7,500 to \$14,000 for

Rice-Rusack persistence paid off

5,000 books) and see their work on the shelves—if skeptical bookshelves comply.

At Dulko's paperback collar in Vancouver, manager David Kerfoot sees at least 30 self-publishers every month, having mainly poetry, autobiographies and regional history books. Those that sell tend to be how-to books on anything from money management to building projects. The coming of practically created specialty bookstores and the expansion of specialty sections in general interest bookstores mean little ground for self-publishers with marketable knowledge. Toronto's Can-Do Bookstore, for instance, keeps some dozen author-published works in stock. Quick to spot an untapped market, the Can-Do staff breaks into self-publishing this month with Toronto Eats, a restaurant guide. "We always found publishing gaps," says Can-Do manager and publishing partner Stan Adelman, "but when we go to industry conferences and talk about a whole other sector—the audience for how-to books—the publishers would ignore us."

Some author-publishers eventually realize better prices—Ilse-Bassuk's estimates she has made \$50,000 through her book business. But starting-up costs can pose a major obstacle. J. Kent McKelvey of Fort Perry, Ont., had his investment business to help finance Peter Chaper, Patricia Simms of Calgary posted her manuscript with Norma Levant and Blaine Koster to publish *East Your Heart*. Ont. Government grants easily find their way into the pockets of single-title entrepreneurs. Sam Field is an ingenious exception. The Windsor, Ont., artist and editor of *Galamet* City



Field (left) Adelman displaying self-published books of the *Concord* key is exploiting an untapped market, but the starting-up costs pose a problem.



lags at York University is producing *Tales of Herring*, a limited-edition portfolio of engravings to be released this month for \$2,500 (sponsored by York's Stung College). The project is sponsored by York University and financed by grants from the secretary of state's multicultural program, Wiktor, the Boreham Foundation and private no-profit life foundation in Stung.

Self-publishers' woes don't end with financing. They must also acquire grassroots knowledge of printing, typesetting and design techniques—expertise that can take a year to develop. For many author-publishers, finding the right people for their jobs is a matter of good fortune and word of mouth advertising. "My husband used to have a printing company, so through his I met some where to go," says Toronto kushar cooking restaurateur Sandra Tewe, author of *Wine and to My Kitchen*. The printer sent her to a dealer who recommended a place near.

Another hurdle in finding a distributor who, for a percentage, will place the book in stores. Most self-publishers like the Georgian Bay journals of Midland, Ont., must handle the job themselves. "It started out that we'd throw the kids in the back of the car and take a few turns of the book (Georgian Bay Journal, Windsor Editor) around Georgian Bay," says coauthor Helen DeCoff. "We went door-to-door, sent letters and placed all the stores. Through word of mouth, the book sold around the province, now the chance to publish some Canadian."

It takes time, dedication and connections, can, as does lack. Jeremy Moray, Vancouver author of the children's book *Zooming the West Coast Trip*, is a case in point. After several book companies turned down the manuscript, he published the book himself and planned his own publicity. "I walked into TV stations and newspaper offices and varied around until they dealt with me." The effort was so successful that Moray passed Timmy and the Whales and lived up to a national distributor. A few weeks ago, he sold American distribution rights. With 25,000 books sold in less than a year, Moray says he now makes a living from his business.

Most self-publishing efforts are one- or two-book ventures, but occasionally a small-time personal project turns full-time publishing enterprise. Since former Newfoundland premier Joey Smallwood published *The Book of Newfoundland* in 1987, his company, Newfoundland Publishers Ltd., has grown to the point where it contracts work to other writers. Now it even sends out rejection slips.

With Alex from Denise Dorian.

LABOR

A hazard to male pride

Research points to a health danger workers want to ignore



Workers move in Elbow Lake: most unwilling to press the issue

By Lesley Krueger

For Dr. William Wiese, the results of the questionnaire were startling. Some 600 men, some 600 men were giving birth to a disproportionately high number of girls. The University of New Mexico researcher immediately ordered sperm tests on 20 volunteer fathers and found they had unexpectedly high fluctuations in the number of male chromosomes. With his data, Wiese this spring entered a new and growing field—the study of workplace hazards that deform or destroy sperm.

In the past, the mother's contribution to problems with pregnancy or fetal development has been thoroughly examined in occupational health studies. Now American scientists are looking the health of the father plays a part as well, leaving some studies in the U.S. and Canada, mostly resulting post-struggles, which was women returned from some jobs rather than industry-wide closures demanded. In exploring this new area, however, researchers are encountering resistance, not so much from companies as from government funding agencies and workers who see the delicate quest as a challenge to their virility. Says New Mexico union leader Louis Palacios, who added the miners to domestic sperm samples. "The guys are kind of embarrassed, you know, to be doing that."

Research has already uncovered a pharmacopoeia of hazards to sperm—some from the workplace, some not. The pesticides DDT (dibromochloropropane) and Kepone, lead, margarine emulsifier and large amounts of radiation or alcohol definitely cause sperm damage. As well, scientists are starting to test whether a father's exposure to hazardous substances may increase the mother's chance of miscarriage. More than normal numbers of miscarriages and stillbirths have been seen among the wives of dentists who use the anesthetic nitrous oxide, workers in steel plants, workers exposed to radiation and those with jobs in lead-acid smelters.

But the University of New Mexico (UNM) data has not convinced, leaving a new law. Normally, about 50 boys are born for every 40 girls. The union researchers, however, uncovered anomalies among construction in the American Southwest where the proportion has increased to as many as 40 girls for 40 boys. And in the sperm test, some miners were found whose number of Y (male) chromosomes was either far greater or far fewer than the expected average of 40 per cent. Wiese's samples constitute only a preliminary test. But even this is both significant and sensitive, since he's examining changes in the genetic makeup of sperm. If Wiese can get government grants in Elbow's age of authority, he hopes to



trouble placing down razors that men at the Wyeth pharmaceutical plant. Windsor was complaining about their sexual performance. "A 33-year-old guy doesn't want to get up in a union hall and say 'Hey, I can't get it up any more,'" comments *ABC*'s national representative John Mure. Nevertheless, the

Their excuse didn't work. The union says the company refused to transfer men, who subsequently filed a complaint of sex discrimination with the Canadian Human Rights Commission. Since human rights officer Nicole Bisseth has not yet sent her report from Winnipeg to Ottawa, the case is still unresolved.

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The
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Unearthing a novel Viking image

Recently discovered Norse artifacts are changing traditional conceptions of the Vikings



By Shona McKay

Learned portrayed them with bearded helmets and swords, standing as the powers of landscapes, their faces more fierce than the carved Gokstadkiste. The same Viking was synonymous with invader and plunderer. The tales of their exploits in the New World—which often ended in bloody conflict with the natives, or kidnappings as the Norse called them—only enhanced the image. But recent archaeological discoveries of Norse artifacts in Northern Canada, and specifically in the eastern Arctic, by several groups of Canadian and American archaeologists have revealed that the Vikings also played another role in the New World as traders and explorers. Archaeological teams travelling to Ellesmere Island and other sites next month hope to unearth more clues to the Norse past.

The traditional conception of Vikings began to shift as early as 1960 when a Norwegian archaeologist, Helge Ingstad, discovered the Vinland of legend, the place where Leif Ericson reportedly became the first European to set foot on North America. At L'Anse aux Meadows on the northernmost tip of Newfoundland, the archaeological information gleaned there showed that far from raiding and ravaging, the Vikings

were early pioneers who built dwellings, forged tools, wore cloth and tended their cattle. More important than the discovery of the 1,000-year-old site itself is L'Anse aux Meadows' northerly location. Birgitta Walsten, a staff archaeologist with Parks Canada in Halifax who spent four years excavating the Newfoundland site in the mid-'80s, believes that the verification of the Norse presence in Atlantic Canada anticipated the latest developments in the Canadian Arctic. "When people have previously thought of the Norse in the New World, they have generally thought of New England and more southerly areas. The new finds indicate more and more that the Vikings had a totally northern orientation."

Even with L'Anse aux Meadows providing a geographical focal point, later discoveries of the Norse presence further north in the high Arctic were greeted with surprise. Such was the reaction of Peter Schledermann, head of the Arctic program at the University of Calgary. Schledermann's work has perhaps gone further than anyone's in establishing the Viking as explorer and trader in the Canadian North. In 1978, while excavating prehistoric Eskimo (Inuit) sites in the Baffin Peninsula region of Ellesmere Island, he was startled to discover a small clump of iron that he immediately recognized as a piece of chain mail. The metal rings were obviously not made by the Inuit, as they had no method of working iron. "In more than 15 years of archaeological exploration, I can recall no greater prize than that shapely lump of iron," he says. The iron rings

were subsequently confirmed as part of a suit of armor wrought in medieval Europe. "Yet how they lay in an area of the world supposedly unknown to medieval Europeans—a site less than 800 miles from the North Pole?"

The chain mail was the first of more than 30 artifacts that Schledermann found at these sites in the past few years. Among the objects, ranging in date from 1500 to 1200, were ship rivets, parts of an oak boat and pieces of woven wool. All of the finds, because of their style and composition, have been proven to be Norse. Although ironworking could have brought the artifacts to the region, Schledermann thinks otherwise. "The material suggests that there has been a Norse voyage of some sort to the area. Found as they were in their original state, they would have been useful items to the Eskimos. They had to be related directly to Norse contact in the region!" If Schledermann's theory is correct, the Vikings travelled 800 km farther north than previously thought.

His supposition seems plausible. Vikings needed weapons, tools and furs in order to trade with Norway for materials such as grain, metal and timber, which they so desperately needed to maintain life in the Norse colonies of Greenland and Iceland. The far northern lands and the local Eskimos could supply them with both. A small bronze balance uncovered in 1977 by Patricia Sutherland, a professor of archaeology at McGill University in Ottawa, supports the idea that the Norse did indeed travel north for trade purposes. The balance, which was used to weigh precious metals and could be folded up inside a leather pouch, was part of every Norse trader's equipment.

The fact that there is a balance—an artifact that clearly functionally relates to commerce—lends credence to the idea that there was some kind of trade going on between the Norse and the Eskimos," says Sutherland. Although careful to point out that the archaeological investigation of the Norse in the Canadian Arctic is only in a "nascent stage," Sutherland believes that the objects found so far are indeed "changing people's conceptions of the Norse-Inuit relationships."

One of the most fascinating finds to date is an Inuit carving from 1190. The wooden figure was found by Deborah and George Saxe, archaeologists from the University of Arkansas, in an Inuit pit house on the north coast of Baffin Island. The figure represents a European man wearing a long cloak and a cross. "The depiction of the costume is so precise that there is no doubt the Eskimo on Baffin Island who carved this saw a Viking," notes George Saxe. As for the suggestion that the carver travelled to Greenland to see his Norse-

man, Saxe disagrees. "The distance was too great. It seems much more likely that the Eskimo encountered his subject on Baffin Island."

The small figure from the pit house is now on display at the Prince of Wales Northern Heritage Centre in Yellowknife. For the director of the centre, Robert Jewett, the carving is a reminder of the work still to be done and the archaeological promise of the Canadian North. "The Northwest Territories cover 1.3 million square miles and house one-third of Canada's land mass. There is enough work here for generations of

archaeologists." So far, 1,500 prehistoric and historic Eskimo sites have been discovered in the Arctic. A decade ago, Jewett only knew of 10 archaeological items who worked their summers away under the 24-hour Arctic sun. Now there are 35. But an added incentive for archaeologists is the hope of finding more Viking artifacts in the past few years. Peter Schledermann is optimistic. "We've barely scratched the surface. God only knows what else could be out there."

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Chain mail rings have European armor (right). Vikings travelled farther north than previously thought

Schledermann with cloth (above), carving of Viking (right)



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Reading between the party lines

Media should differentiate between commentators and collaborators

By Barbara Amiel

When Janet Cooke, a 26-year-old black reporter on *The Washington Post*, admitted that her Pulitzer Prize-winning story of child heroin addict "Jimmy" was a fake, a good deal of ink was spent on analyzing the case. The first noteworthy, I can see only two, answers to be learned from the Cooke affair: The first is—let anyone doubt it—that double-checking employees, while they may be no worse, are certainly no better than anyone else. The second lesson is that in today's left-liberal-dominated media, a writer who has the correct point of view and personal credentials will not have his or her work subjected to quite the same rigorous checking as someone of non-leftist views. This double standard has its advantages, should I win a Pulitzer Prize it won't have to be returned.

But there are minor lessons. It is not the brazen liars who are the significant problem in media reporting. The real problem occurs when the media fails to note the dividing line that separates commentators of whatever political persuasion from actual collaborators—who in the past have ranged from a lack of firm belief to a love of Tokyo Rose. To avoid misunderstanding, let me again affirm the right of people to freely say, write or disseminate opinions whatever their political persuasion. Going any step further, I believe that even collaborators should have the same freedom. It is a democratic ethical point the collaborators' interests should be declared. A case in point is *At the Barricade*, the new book by Paris-born Australian journalist Wilfred Burchett.

Burchett's book is an account of his 40-year career reporting events from Hiroshima to Hanoi. He covered the Second World War for *Lord Beaverbrook's London Daily Express* and scored a major coup as the first correspondent to enter Hiroshima after the bomb, only to be arrested during the Mindom trial in Budapest. Burchett

took up residence in Hungary and married a Hungarian journalist. From then on he worked from the Communist perspective, but the Communist side. The following facts about him are undisputed: Burchett went to the Korean peace talks with the Chinese and North Korean delegation and covered them from behind North Korean lines as an accredited correspondent for the French communist newspaper *Cy Sine*. In 1954 Burchett lost a libel case in Australia dur-



ing which representatives of war from North Korea flew in to testify about Burchett's involvement in camp interrogations and forced propaganda confessions of atomic warfare. The most disconcerting came from Funder Derek Kinnear, recipient of the George Cross for gallantry in captivity. Kinnear's evidence described allied troops chastising "you will hang, you will hang" to Burchett, who, Kinnear said, dressed in a Chinese army uniform, gave them indoctrination lectures. After the Australian government refused to return his confiscated passport in the post-Korean years, Burchett travelled first as a North Vietnamese liaison officer and later as a Cuban passport. In the '60s and early '70s Burchett was in Hanoi writing mainly for an obscure US Marxist paper the *Guardian*.

I have no idea whether any of these actions would fulfil the legal definition of treason. I am not worried about establishing whether Burchett was a paid agent of Moscow, as US S.R. now defec-

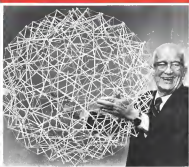
tor Yuri Korchov testified to a US Senate hearing, or an unpaid true believer. It might show a less deeply rooted moral weakness in selling your services to such a mindless ideology than to work for it out of pure admiration. I'm not interested in either prosecuting or exonerating people such as Burchett—only identifying them. When such a person writes a book of apologetic propaganda of the cruelest kind, in which Russia is seriously misrepresented as having been duped into the show trials by the CIA, it is not enough for a reviewer to say, as Thomas Powers did two months ago in *The New York Times Book Review*, that "it is what Mr. Burchett has put into his book that matters, not what he has left out." What Burchett has left out of his memoirs are all the charges of collaboration levelled against him. It was framed by someone, far more disreputable than Janet Cooke's, when *CNN's* *An It Happened* used Burchett as a South-east Asian commentator and identified him only as "an Australian journalist." I would never forbid old Matten (sic) as *The New York Times* to

employ such a person—even as an expert on Southeast Asia. But at the very minimum he should be identified as another CNN news program employing Burchett did, by describing him as a "communist journalist."

Coincidentally, in 1974 a Russian was expelled from Canada for, among other things, buying stories about Canadian journalists. The person selling the Russian that information was a producer on *CNN's* *An It Happened*. The information wasn't secret and the producer didn't think, then or later, that there was anything wrong in selling it to a friendly Russian colleague. The same producer, Mark Starvo, is now leading the speaking tourship CNN current affairs show *The Journal*, which will be telling Canadians all about world events every night starting this fall. I have, of course, no way of knowing whether Burchett will be used on the program and, if so, whether he will be identified as anything other than an Australian journalist.



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by E. Buckminster Fuller
(Nelson, \$19.95)

IN 1927, it Buckmaster and Palmer stood on the shore of Lake Michigan, one of the last of the great American cities. He was bankrupt, penniless and drinking heavily. He was in conversation with an unnamed man, a stranger transported to Palmer into a mystical trance and he heard a voice saying, "You think the truth? Immediately he resolved to dedicate his life to humanity by reshaping earth's environment through the practical application of ideas from his growing imagination. Only by such individual initiative, he reasoned, could the world be delivered from its hurtle toward oblivion and be transformed into a utopia."

Fuller is famous primarily as an environmental architect and engineer, the ingenious inventor of prodigious domes (such as the U.S. pavilion at Expo 67) whose global view of "Spaceship Earth" almost single-handedly spawned our current ecological obsessions. The notion that most of his ideas are wrong is to the traditional myopic sense may therefore seem strange, but Fuller wrote distilled his domes were the most

quence of ordered, rational thought. The evolution of their basic structural principle—the natural stability of triangles as opposed to the artificial gravity-sustained stability of a square—he attributes entirely to intuition, to clearing objects away from inner sight to reveal the inherent harmonious structure of natural relationships.

Being a visionary, however, has its drawbacks—for one thing, people often have trouble understanding you. What, for example, is a critical path? "Critical-path elements are not overlapping linear modules; in a plane, they are systematically interdependent complexes of semi-irrelevant regenerative feed-back circuits." Got that? Inevitably, Harvard's most prestigious professorship is never as once held by the se-

petrator of this income against language. Critical Path is full of similar misnomers, but it's also packed with the brilliant analyses one might expect from a genius' life work. Part I summarizes Folger's history of man, from tantalizing speculations on his semiphraseous origins on the Indonesian island to a fascinating history's account of how America's military-industrial establishment blackmailed the Indonesians.

overseas during two world wars into finding the way to self-protection, driving the world toward the principles Part 3 states Feller's guiding principle: contrary to accepted Midwestern thinking about resources and overpopulation, the solution is the development of support systems to beat the odds on soil, plantations and create utopias now. He can achieve this not by political revolutions, which have always concentrated wealth in the hands of the few, but by a design of a strong relation, that is, the construction of a new social system of technology of silicon based on light high-strength metal alloys, the full utilization of non-fossil fuels and computerized information processing. Part 3 outlines the critical path, the progress necessary for the achievement of these objectives necessary for survival.

[illegible]

—MARE CHIAVOCHI

A smart facade for complacency

白粉病防治及 E-效应

by Leta Stetter
(Random House, 1978)

Oxygen Blue, a novel by the author of *Kingfisher*, is a protracted identity crisis set in the American South. Five children—two brothers, two sisters and their one black playmate—begin sitting together in the branches of a peach tree in a small town in Tennessee, and end up either resisting or succumbing to the various hypocritical states that pass for normal civilized in this comedy of manners. All the issues are here: racism, sexism, feminism and radicalism. For these reasons *Leon* After adds the lion defense.

experience of growing up southern. Everything is satirized, and nothing is endorsed.

However, there is one civil right movement that Altier has overlooked in his rural or role models—the issue of fictional characters trapped in novel where authors make them do and say things against their will. In keeping with the investigative spirit of the novel, quick to detect the tyrant inside every self-confessed free spirit, we have contained one of the main characters in *Original Sin*, a woman named Sally who now lives with her family in Austin, Tex.



Author: a general insight a free world

Sally, is this your first appearance in a *Lost After* novel?

No, I appeared under several different names in *Kingsfield*, and when it was successful, our author decided to recast some of us in another plot.

Tell us something about yourself on the record.

Well, I play a small-town southern cheerleader with lots of pgy who goes all the way with the high school hero. I get pregnant, we get married and life goes on, while my sister, the Brax, goes to New York and gets *Whore'd*!

Well, I got a lot of praise, which always nice, and some great scenes—I try and reduce my husband while he's under the Chevy changing the oil pan and it turns out to be not my husband but his best friend—but mostly I felt... used.

Can you tell us why?

I felt I was just a category — you know, Tully Woman, pretty queen, southern bubble-plating housewife — as if I was like being a neoprene pantsu driving, instead of a real pantsu I tried to talk to the author about it, but she was always busy sticking pins into that big map of America. I felt I was either being ridiculed or patronized. I mean, I may wear rollers to the supermarket, but I don't consider myself boring. Lisa got a great sense of humor and all, but she carried away with what she thought was "feminist." (Lisa, Seely, and me)

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recent the White Southern, Royal-Low Women, the cheerleader who burned out early in marriage." It really annoyed his style.

What about your sister?
Barry the Lookout Braun? She felt the same. She always had to be the cynic, the sexual outcast, trying to see past all the rules that swallowed up her friends.

I'm telling you, sometimes we felt like tin soldiers on a battlefield of ideas.

Are the editor's ideas interesting?
Frankly—and I'm just a housewife—they strike me as awfully obvious. "There was a lot of hypocrisy and prejudice that passed for enlightenment in the '60s." Conventional life has its rewards. Southerners aren't all racist. Becoming an adult is difficult.

The sexual ethics of America are barbaric. "Well, tell me something new! That's the trouble with satire—it can be so complacent with what it smugly fancies. Was there anything about Original Sin that you did like?"

Well, it's a good read, sort of like a long, literary TV drama. And I really liked my wardrobe. Lew has a great eye for detail. She's got a good sense of humor, too, when she isn't worrying about social protest. That's the trouble with American novels—I do a hell of a lot of literary, so I always take a look with me—they have this infuriatingly complex about being shallow. God, shallow is where it all happens, if you ask me! Most novels start drawing morals just when they should be paying more attention to us—the characters. Can you repeat some *Angels* reading on the topic of character assassination?

I would recommend *Original Sin*. It attacks stereotypes without ever transcending them itself.

Thank-you, Sally, and good luck.
Not at all. Bye, now.

—MARI JACKSON

The fully clothed civil servant

A MAN OF INFLUENCE
NORMAN A. ROBERTSON
AND CANADIAN STATISTARIAT
by J. L. Grossman
(Toronto, \$24.95)

"Norman Robertson," wrote J.L. Grossman, "was one of the men who made modern Canada." There's little doubt about that. Robertson sat at the right hand of Mackenzie King, and his career in External Affairs eclipsed even that of Lester Pearson. In the aftermath of a few mandates, Prime Minister Robertson was "the greatest nuisance of them all." Thirteen years after his death,



Robertson: the practical mandate

his name is still spoken in hushed tones in Ottawa circles.

Yet Robertson is little known to the majority of his fellow countrymen, largely because of his calling—civil servant from 1928 to 1966. As Grossman writes: "He had no craving for power and none for the limelight. His role was to advise, and he performed that task superbly." Public books, not private secrets, are the stuff of hero.

Robertson was an active participant in the Second World War, the founding of the UN, the Gouzenko affair and the Suez crisis, yet the book somehow fails to capture the excitement of the times. In some extent, Grossman has brought this on himself, through an understanding not to dwell on Robertson's private life. Robertson's letters show him to be a demure and witty man. Shortly before joining External Affairs in 1928, the unnamed "Blades" scholar treated his parents to a pungent comment on the political aristocracy: "... these are illiterate men who people affect an acquired elegance that rubs me the wrong way. The last vestige of my innate Oxford manner falls from me when I meet them. I start looking around for the epitaph." "But he wrote few letters after the 1930s, and the resulting absence of Robertson's personality in Grossman's study makes for an informative but lifeless book. It is surely not praiseworthy to want to know whether he looked like a cat after a tough day at the office with Mackenzie King.

In 1941, at the age of 37, Robertson was chosen as undersecretary of state for external affairs. Working closely with Mackenzie King, his greatest influence was felt during the war years. Like him, he was respectful with Britain's arrogant pretensions that the entire Commonwealth could speak with one British voice, yet he was pragmatic and forthright enough to

advise King to continue Canadian aid to Britain in order to protect future trade and avoid excessive reliance on U.S. markets.

His pragmatism was severely tested by another wartime issue, the internment of Japanese Canadians. He opposed the policy but felt it was inevitable and that his best course was to attempt to moderate it. Equally distressing to him were the Gouzenko revelations of 1946. Robertson, for whom "the public service was the highest of callings," was "disturbed that public servants could violate their oaths and act for a foreign power." Nevertheless, some creative businesslike maneuvering on Robertson's part helped to obstruct Soviet requests for Gouzenko's deportation.

At the San Francisco conference of 1945 (which organized the United Nations), Robertson's performance was impressive enough that American diplomat Dean Acheson considered him a possible UN secretary-general. But such glory was to elude him as his subsequent postings as high commissioner to London, clerk of the Privy Council and ambassador to Washington. The confused civil servant, writes Grossman, "had presided over the change in Canada from a timid Dominion to a sometimes aggressive and nationalistic middle power." Only forty-two years old in 1946, Norman Robertson had already completed his most important work.

Norman Robertson's identification with his department was complete. It and the various governments under which he worked bore the stamp of his ideas. In pondering Grossman's assessment of a life's work, it is possible to doubt that the interchangeable assignments of today's Ottawa will require students of a similar scope. —CHARLES GORDON

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 - 5 *A Woman Called Bertha*, Kerr (4)
 - 6 *Berke*, Gould (1)
 - 7 *Crusades*, Vidal (7)
 - 8 *The Key to Rebecca*, Follett (2)
 - 9 *Presidents*, King (3)
 - 10 *Days of Anguish*, Sklar (1)

Nonfiction

- 1 *The New Canadian Tax and Investment Guide*, Bremner (2)
- 2 *Canada*, Sagan (2)
- 3 *The Citizen*, Fraser (1)
- 4 *The Canadian Paper*, Pollock & Adams (1)
- 5 *Paper Money*, Smith (3)
- 6 *The Number 1 Map*, Gage (3)
- 7 *Cricket*, Irving (1)
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Adrift with Al, Bill and Herb

A quiz on the sex life of Knewton Nash, 'galimony' suits and other tidbits

By Allan Fotheringham

Time for the spring edition of the *Puck*! Fotheringham's *Current Events Whiz Quiz*. Only one entry allowed per customer. Generous prizes will be awarded. *Tidbits* are employees of Maclean's and residents of Alberta. Marks will be awarded for guesses.

1. Write an explanation, to be placed in a time capsule for future generations, explaining how the Protestants and Catholics in Northern Ireland are practicing Christianity by killing each other.

2. Please explain what the editorial writers of *Canada* did before the constitution issue was invented.

3. Would you sleep easier on your pillow if Gen. Alexander Haig, as he desires, were naming the United States? Explain.

4. Does Joe Clark exist?

5. Prove it.

6. You are trapped in a lifeboat for 30 days with Margaret Thatcher, Sterling Lyon and Mary Griffin. Describe in detail the most charming features of each and in what order you would throw them overboard.

7. Wake activity, for excitement, most resembles a Stanley Cup final between the New York Islanders and the Minnesota North Stars: (a) Watching paint dry? (b) Observing the grass grow? (c) Listening to a speech by Stanley Kwanter?

8. A lady reporter from *The Washington Post* has been forced to return her Pulitzer Prize and resign because she confessed that she had made up a story about a child drug addict. Please discuss the relevance of this with the example of a male prime minister who confessed to the House of Commons that he had made up a story about his dealings with the British prime minister (female) over the constitution. What advice do you give him?

9. The CBC this autumn will shatter tradition by moving the 11 p.m. national news to 10 p.m. Do you think this will affect Canadians' sex life?

10. Do you think Canadians have a sex life?

Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for *Shastan News*.

11. Do you think it will affect Knewton Nash's sex life?

12. To what do you think Marc LaRonde can attribute his basic chininess?

13. Rooms of seepage have been devoted to the "galimony" suit which resulted in tennis star Billie Jean King admitting she had had a lesbian affair. How do you think this will affect: (a) the drought in Saskatchewan? (b) the bank of Canada interest rate? (c) the Newfoundland and hani? Take your time.

14. If Joe Clark did exist, what do you think he should do?

15. You are trapped in a lifeboat for 27 days with Gen. Alexander Haig, Premier Bill Davis and Herb Gray. Would you: (a) cry? (b) pray? (c) leave?

16. A *Wax* magazine magazine purchased the tapes of a supposed long-distance telephone conversation between Prince Charles and Lady Di. Please construct the imaginary telephone conversations between: (a) Marc LaRonde and Mrs. Peter Langford, (b) Billie Jean King and Lloyd Amworthy, (c) Margaret Thatcher and Punch Imlach.

17. Please explain the relevance of the young millionaires who now populate 1011 clubs appearing in their prime television time of the season like a group of youthful women who would like to grow a beard but can't quite.

18. Those Liberals who would like to succeed Pierre Trudeau now include Eugene Whelan, Herb Gray, John Roberts, Jane Christie, Mark MacGugan, Allan MacEwan and Francis Fox. Does this

make you want to: (a) cry? (b) pray? (c) swim?

19. Canada now has the highest interest rates ever, combined with the highest inflation rate ever. Finance Minister Allan Rock says the Liberals should be blamed. Who do you think should be blamed: (a) Ed Broadbent? (b) Anne Murray? (c) the Calgary Flames?

20. The Liberals seek to replace the new chairman of the Canada Development Corp. with Maurice Strong, the

businessman who temporarily held a Liberal nomination in Toronto and who was associated with the European firm that made a \$900,000 commission on the sale of Petro-Canada to Petro-Canada. Explain all this to a high school political science class.

21. Jeffrey Simpson's *Democracy of Power*, the book that explains how Joe Clark's Tories fumbled their way out of power in just nine months, has won the Governor-General's Award for nonfiction. Do you feel it was entered in the right category?

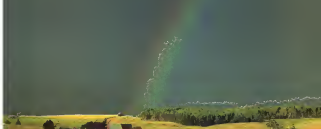
22. Nelson Skalbania, the Vancouver millionaire and purchaser of sport franchises, has purchased Los Angeles Rams quarterback Vince Ferragamo for the Montreal Alouettes. He is also the man who signed Wayne Gretzky. What do you wish he would purchase next: (a) the Toronto Argonauts? (b) the Toronto Maple Leafs? (c) the federal budget?

23. You are a lecturer in governmental philosophy. You are to explain to your class how the government of the United States plans to raise its expenditure on arms by cutting down on food stamps and the benefits to miners with lung disease. You are also to explain how the government of Canada, so as to ensure the support of the province of Ontario on constitutional matters, has proceeded on a program to keep an artificial ceiling on the worth of Alberta oil so as to keep *Gettys* energy costs low. Please submit your notes.

24. One Canadian has endured all the scab and slash from the Lady Di-Prince Charles match this summer. Do you think it will make them: (a) more monarchist? (b) less monarchist? (c) grown-up? Ask your teen-ager.



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